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The Week

DURING the past week the controversy between the anthracite miners and the operators has become more threatening. First Mr. John L. Lewis of the Mine Workers protested against the personnel of the operators' sub-committee, appointed to negotiate a wage agreement to replace that expiring August 31, on the ground that they were mere "supernumeraries" without power, and demanded the presence in the negotiations of Mr. S. D. Warriner of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, the chief figure among the operators. Mr. Warriner replied that the operators would be represented by whom they chose, and reiterated his demand for arbitration by a board of "impartial persons." To this Mr. Lewis rejoined rudely that it had cost the anthracite workers $60,000,000 "to acquire the knowledge they now possess concerning the operators' well-known policy of keeping close to an arbitrator;" and inasmuch as the operators' representatives refused to consider either an increase of wages or the check-off, the conference declared itself deadlocked. On Friday came a letter from Mr. Warriner to Mr. Lewis, courteously deprecating the latter's implication that the operators would corrupt an impartial arbitrator, and expressing the hope that in spite of the breaking-off of negotiations "means will be found to compose the differences between us." This soft answer did not turn away Mr. Lewis's wrath. His latest letter to Mr. Warriner declared that inasmuch as the operators' conferees had stated that they would reject "a demand that would disturb mine costs," as well as recognition of the union implied in the check-off system, there was nothing further to discuss. He added: "I will be glad to hear from you when you abandon this position." The situation now apparently passes automatically to federal and state handling, and becomes a factor in the political futures of President Coolidge and Governor Pinchot.

MEANWHILE the arrangement by which Premier Baldwin averted the strike in the British mining industry by granting a special subvention has been confirmed by the House of Commons. In spite of caustic criticism of Mr. Baldwin's handling of the crisis by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George, the appropriation of $50,000,000 was passed by a vote of 351 to 18. The arrangement seems to be, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out, "nationalization in its worst form," guaranteeing wages and profits without control or restrictions. It is, however, obviously a temporary and make-shift effort to maintain a situation until sounder and more permanent measures can be devised. The $50,000,000 voted is a heavy bet in favor of such measures. That the grant should have passed almost unanimously shows the seriousness with which all parties accept responsibility for the state of an industry by which a large part of the population live.

ON August 5 the formal deposit of ratifications of the Nine Power Treaty in regard to China, signed at the Washington Conference, took place. What effect it will have after four years' delay is problematical. At the time, it was regarded by many as a large and vague gesture of good-will, committing the nations concerned to a policy of respect for the sovereignty, independence and territorial integrity of China, and of disinterested, impartial dealing among themselves, without any method of enforcement. The immediate result of the final signature of the treaty should be the summoning of the long awaited conference to deal with the specific griev-

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ances of China against the Powers in the matter of extra-territoriality and the limitation of the tariff on imports. But this conference, like the Washington Conference, will be handicapped in drawing up a practical program by the non-participation of Russia, China's nearest neighbor and next friend. The Nine Power Treaty is claimed as a triumph of American diplomacy. Unless it is to be an empty one, a matter of phrases like the "open door," the conference to follow it must be directed with knowledge, courage, skill, imagination as well as generosity, and good-will. Do we find in Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg the equipment for such a task?

AS to what is in the mind of that typical realist, the man on the ground in China, an indication comes in the form of a recent article in the Paris Herald by Mr. Eustace Burrows, formerly registrar and magistrate of the British Supreme Court for China, and Secretary of the International Court of Consuls of Shanghai. After notice of America's large interests in China and a flattering reference of all Chinese questions to American decision he bluntly comes out with the proposition that the Powers should give a mandate to Japan to restore stable government in the Chinese dominion. "In thirty-six hours Japan can reach Shanghai with a trained army. In a few more hours she can hold the gulf of Pechili and the Yangtse Valley. From Formosa she can deal with Foochow and Canton. . . . The question is 'What does America think about it?'" We venture the prediction that America will think badly of it. After the late Mr. Wilson's ghastly experiment of letting loose the Japanese to discipline Siberia, even though American troops were permitted to share in the glory of that enterprise, we believe that no American statesman will ever sponsor a similar proposition.

RUSSELL T. SCOTT is the most striking illustration to date of the delays and uncertainties in the administration of justice. Brought to trial for the murder of Joseph Maurer, a clerk in a drug store, he first pleaded guilty, hoping thereby to move the court to leniency. He was sentenced to be hanged. His attorney, however, urged that he had mistakenly advised his client to throw his life away, and Scott was allowed to change his plea to not guilty. He was convicted on December 12, 1924, and once more sentenced to be hanged. Three times his attorneys secured a stay. The day before one of Scott's executions the governor received a telegram apparently from Robert Scott, brother of the condemned man, and accomplice in the hold-up in which Maurer was killed, confessing his own guilt and offering to surrender himself. Scott was reprieved for a week, but his brother failed to appear. Then at 2 A. M., four hours before the time set for the final execution, Scott's lawyers secured a writ of inquiry into his mental condition. The employes of the jail where Scott was confined and five alienists summoned by the government pronounced him sane; five alienists produced by Scott's attorneys declared him insane. The jury took the latter view, on the ground that Scott's experience with justice would shatter the mind of any man. According to their verdict, the state is guilty of the crime of depriving a man of his reason when he was sentenced only to lose his life—or perhaps its legal authorities might secure a verdict of insanity. But you can't bring the state to the gallows or put it in the insane asylum.

IN view of the enormous and increasing importance of New York as a centre for literary work, research, and publication, the New York Public Library has come to assume a unique importance, by no means limited to the immediate community. It is literally the brain of the city, and of a city whose brain work affects the whole country. To starve the brain is poor economy, yet this is exactly what the city of New York is doing. The library, as is well known, rests upon the union of the Astor, Tilden and Lennox foundations, which support the reference department. This application of the endowments leaves to the municipality the burden of supporting the circulation department in its various branches and maintaining the efficiency and caring for the development of the institution as a whole. Publishing houses, magazines, literary and research workers, to whom the reference department is a necessity, heartily recognize their obligation to see that this use of endowments does not deprive the public at large of opportunities which these gifts were intended to secure. They will heartily coöperate in the effort which the staff employes of the library, numbering about 1,000, are making through their association to bring the question of the budget appropriations before the people of New York.

THE chief deficiency in the library system exists in the circulation department. In 1920 the Board of Estimates appropriated $127,500 for the purchase of books for circulation. The next year this appropriation was cut to $100,000, and the year following to $60,000. For the last three years it has stood at $61,000. In consequence of this reduction, the number of volumes in the circulation department fell off 45,612 between 1920 and 1924, and circulation declined correspondingly. The branches are used largely by school children. One branch has been closed for lack of funds and books, and in others the difficulties of obtaining books are so great that only the most determined readers have energy to overcome them.

IN comparison with the expenditures for public libraries in other cities New York makes a melancholy showing. In 1924 Chicago, with a population of 2,701,705, appropriated $224,000 for the purchase of books, or .0829 per capita. In the same year Cleveland, with 993,678, appropriated $133,-

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400, or .1342 per capita. New York (Manhattan and Bronx) with a population of 3,152,650, appropriated $61,000, or .0194 per capita. It would seem that the trustees of the New York Library are within the bounds of modesty in asking for $253,300 for the next budget year (about the Chicago figure) to restock the depleted shelves and keep up with current needs. The total cost of the New York Library in 1924 was $2,304,914.50. Of this the city appropriated less than half, or $1,129,800.32, the remainder coming from endowment. In comparison with thirty-six leading cities of the United States in the matter of appropriations per capita New York is nearly at the bottom of the list—in the thirty-third place. Des Moines, Dayton, Detroit, and Kansas City spend more than twice as much per capita; Boston, Indianapolis, and Portland (Ore.) three times, and Bridgeport and Cleveland four times as much as New York. It is usually understood that endowments for educational purposes are made to stimulate communities to a higher degree of self-help in such matters, not to relieve them in large part of any responsibility. To this unwritten feature of the Astor, Tilden and Lennox trusts the municipality of New York, represented by its Board of Estimates, is conspicuously unfaithful.

A STRANGE report has come recently from Madison, Wis., to the effect that the regents of the state university there have voted to reject in the future all offers of endowment from "incorporated bodies and endowment organizations." The motive assigned to this action is horror of tainted money and fear of the malign influence upon education of the great industrialists. But this fear was probably invented by a smart newspaper man somewhere. The immediate cause of the regents' solicitude concerning outside influence was a gift for medical research from the Rockefeller Foundation. While these dispensing boards and foundations have at times accompanied their gifts with certain conditions, those conditions have been quite uniformly of an educational character. Thus the famous requirement of freedom from denominational control has been made in the interest not of capitalistic atheism but of educational liberalism as conceived by the scholars who have composed the boards. The probability is that the influences which are at issue in Madison are the medical and pedagogical interests of the Rockefeller board as against those of the staff of the University of Wisconsin Medical School, rather than any imaginary taint of oil. When it comes to the support of the status quo no instrument is more effective than trustees and regents.

THE spirit of persecution never won a meaner triumph than the disbarment of Elmer Smith, attorney, of Centralia, Wash. Smith was attorney for the I. W. W. After the rioting between the American Legion and the I. W. W. on the occasion of an Armistice Day parade, in 1919, Smith was accused of murder, tried and acquitted. Subsequently he defended the I. W. W. men from the same charge. Although the accused were convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment running up to forty-five years, Smith continued his efforts in their behalf. He brought to light evidence to the effect that the attack on the I. W. W. hall was deliberately plotted by members of the American Legion, and secured affidavits from several members of the jury that they had brought in their verdict under intimidation. Disbarment proceedings were instituted against Smith on the ground that in acting as attorney for the I. W. W. he advocated the principles of that organization. Two of the petitioning attorneys, Cunningham and Allen, had prosecuted Smith in his trial for murder; and another was Lloyd Desart, the member of the Legion who led the attack on the hall. The New Republic repeats what it has said before, that if the Legion claims the right to use the word American, it should regard it as a sacred duty to secure the pardon of the seven men now imprisoned for the best part of their lives for defending themselves, and further should institute proceedings for the reinstatement of Elmer Smith, a brave and faithful servant of the law.

The Conduct of the Scopes Trial

IN a letter published elsewhere in this issue Mr. Walter Nelles, who, whenever he ventures to express an opinion, is always worth listening to, declares that he does not find in the "editorial strictures" of the New Republic on the Scopes trial any suggestion of how the trial could have been better adapted "to what should have been its object." This is pertinent criticism which deserves the best answer which we are capable of returning to it.

Mr. Nelles asks us how, in the concrete case of John Thomas Scopes, could Scopes's lawyers, whoever they might be, make a case except by asserting that the statute is unconstitutional. Of course, they could not make a case as lawyers, except by insisting on the unconstitutionality of the statute, but the New Republic assumed that in the handling of this particular case Mr. Scopes's defenders were acting as something other than advocates whose exclusive business it was to enable their client to escape conviction. The American Civil Liberties Union had assumed the responsibility of defending Mr. Scopes presumably for the reason that his indictment under the anti-evolution law of the State of Tennessee involved grave and far-reaching issues of public policy. The Union itself is engaged in vindicating the civil and the political liberties of the American people against all attacks either from legislatures, executives or courts. When it assisted in the defense of Mr. Scopes, it assumed the job in order, we suppose, to reënforce its main position, which

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is that the successful operation of democratic governments depends upon the ability of public opinion to get at and prefer the truth, and that this ability cannot operate without the utmost freedom of assemblage and the expression of opinion consistent with public order. It had no interest in exonerating Scopes at the expense of the future vitality of those processes of popular understanding and access to the truth which the mansion of Anglo-American civil and political liberties is intended to shelter.

The actual handling of the Scopes indictment did in our opinion tend to cheapen and to damage the process whereby truths are brought home to popular understanding. It falsified for public opinion the meaning of the legal proceeding. The Union had as much reason to affirm the liberty of the people of Tennessee to control the curriculum of their public schools as it had to affirm the liberty of Mr. Scopes to teach the doctrine of evolution in those schools. The only clause in the Constitution under which the right of Tennessee to dictate the curriculum of its public schools could be attacked and abridged is the Fourteenth Amendment. It is a commonplace among progressive jurists that the Fourteenth Amendment is gradually becoming under the interpretation of the majority of the Supreme Court an instrument whereby the preferences of certain judges about public policy may be substituted for the preferences of legislatures which in their behavior are directly responsible to popular opinion. The power of annulling state legislation which the Supreme Court is exercising under the due process of law clause of the Fourteenth Amendment may vindicate certain ambiguous individual rights, but it does so at the expense of the wholesome functioning of certain clear and desirable popular political responsibilities. The right of Tennessee to pass a foolish law is quite as much in need of defense as the right of a soap-box orator to utter a foolish or a dangerous speech. The chief advantage which a democracy has over other forms of government is that, if it makes a mistake, it is more likely to learn the lesson of the error from the observation of the results. The freedom within limits of a popular government to enact on its own responsibility unwise legislation is just as indispensable to the growth of an alert and well-informed public opinion as is the freedom of individuals to advocate subversive or dangerous policies.

Why should the Civil Liberties Union have consented to charge the State of Tennessee with disobeying the Constitution in order legally to exonerate Mr. Scopes? They should have participated in the case, if at all, for the purpose of fastening the responsibility for vindicating Mr. Scopes, not on the Supreme Court of the United States, but upon the legislature and people of Tennessee. The defendant had challenged an obscurantist statute of his own state by disobeying its prohibitions. He had intentionally violated a foolish law in order to expose and advertise its foolishness. In other words he had perched himself on the housetops and cried aloud for the crown of martyrdom. Very well then, let him wear it. Let him wear it as conspicuously as possible until the people who are responsible for his condemnation repent of their foolishness and repeal the offending statute. To invoke the ultimate magic and majesty of the Supreme Court in order to enable Mr. Scopes to escape punishment is merely to confuse the issue in the popular mind. In consenting to this strategy the Union was acting in conformity with the major principles of American political fundamentalists. They considered it of more importance to have the truth of certain ultimate political principles affirmed by the band of little supreme fathers in Washington than they did to bring home to the democracy of Tennessee its responsibility for its performances.

The alternative procedure is sufficiently obvious. Its object would have been to start processes in motion which might finally enlighten the people of Tennessee as to the actual significance of their behavior. This would have been a longer, more difficult and less spectacular job than that of staging a public trial and raising a hullabaloo about the Bible and evolution for weeks on the front pages of the papers, but it would have been the only way of using the indictment to exonerate Mr. Scopes without at the same time enfeebling the control which the people of Tennessee should be able to exercise over their schools. The first step would have been to allow the conviction of Scopes under the statute to go practically by default. It would have been possible to suggest the constitutional issue in a perfunctory way for the sake of obtaining publicity on the real issue, but in that event the argument and the publicity should have been addressed to the people of Tennessee. Local lawyers should have assumed the most conspicuous position in the trial. Every effort should have been made to obtain for Mr. Scopes the support of a strong committee of the citizens of that state, and his ultimate vindication should have been placed in the hands of such a body. It would have needed and could have obtained assistance from sympathizers in other states, but its energy and funds should have come chiefly from Tennessee itself. Moreover, any committee of outsiders which coöperated in the defense of Mr. Scopes should have consisted chiefly of liberal clergymen. His defenders should have been interested in advertising, not that the State of Tennessee had no right to decide what was to be taught in its public schools, but that it would be disastrous for the Christian church to confuse the truth of Christianity with either the truth or falsity of any scientific theory.

The Civil Liberties Union is no doubt justified in acting as if the carrying on of its proper work will ultimately involve a conflict with fundamentalism. Crimes against human liberty are always committed in the name of sacred and absolute principles. The truth, however, for which it should

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contend, as the polar opposite of fundamentalism and as the theoretical mainstay of its own work, is not the doctrine of evolution or any abstract philosophy of individual rights, but the desirability of methodical and purposive experimentalism. Experimentalists want to know. They consider knowing to consist of a continuous process, the results of which emerge only to be revised, and the success of which requires the practice of a method rather than the devout contemplation of an achievement. They hope to infuse into the human mind a nearer contact with truth, not by cultivating homage to the prevailing statement of particular truths, but by arousing an increasing number of people to practice the mixture of scepticism, curiosity, investigation and faith which is necessary to the increase of human insight. They would to the best of their ability renounce propaganda on the ground that it is the weapon of fundamentalism rather than experimentalism. They would depend for the dissemination of their own vision of the truth upon the increasing popular understanding and valuation of scientific method and an increasing sense of responsibility on the part of all people who participate in social experiments for systematically scrutinizing the results.

The conduct of Mr. Scopes's case, on the contrary, was dictated by an essentially fundamentalist group of values. The indictment of Scopes was used as a pretext partly to assert the existence of an absolute individual right which would deprive the people of Tennessee of any thorough-going responsibility for what is taught in their public schools, and partly in order to broadcast the newspaper propaganda in favor of a natural process of creation and against the Biblical account. In both connections the handling of the case educated American public opinion to believe and accept as sufficient supposed truths rather than to use individual judgment in watching what actually occurs and in comparing events with the prevailing anticipations or explanations of them. Its policy, that is, was dictated by the same over-valuation of publicity and the same ignoring of the processes whereby individual minds equip themselves to form sound judgments that all the belligerents used during the War. Mr. Nelles defends this adoption by the Union of the methods practiced by the natural enemies of civil and political liberties. He considers the anti-Biblical and pro-evolutionary propaganda well adapted to breed conviction in the minds of "initially less convinced but politically at least equally potent commentators at drug stores and ordinary dinner tables." Perhaps, but the kind of conviction which such publicity determines, although it may help a nation to win a war, will never help the friends of civil and political liberties to justify their political and social faith. By swelling the volume of newspaper propaganda they are helping to disqualify American public opinion from using freedom of discussion in order to reach a sound open-minded interpretation of its national political and social experience. They are postponing the day when the American people will prepare themselves for the exercise of political and civil liberties by seeking a more patient and robust rather than a more credulous and suggestible public opinion.

The Chinese Ulster

THREE hundred years ago British political thought, dealing with Ireland, sought a solution by creating Ulster. That is to say, British statesmen injected into Ireland a body of their own countrymen and co-religionists, with their wives and children. By so doing they introduced an element of complication into the Irish situation which made any solution impossible on lines determined by the original factors. At once the major premise of the syllogism became British instead of Irish. The lives of British Protestant men, the honor of British Protestant women, were in danger from a horde of barbarous Papists. The good faith of Britons was so strongly pledged to the protection of their countrymen that this consideration took precedence of every other. Even now, when the century old quarrel between the islands has been partly healed, the boundary of Ulster remains a line of fault in the peace settlement along which the fissure of war may open.

In India, following other and less conscious developments, Great Britain has likewise found herself with an Ulster. The British who went to India as agents of the East India Company, and later of the British government, took women with them and begot children. The Indian Ulster differed from the Irish in being scattered throughout the country. Thus there was no special difficulty of boundaries, but on the other hand the diffusion of a race arrogating superiority, and priding itself on the exclusiveness of its social life, carried everywhere a subtle element of irritation. Here as in Ireland the protection of this colony of British men, women and children became the first duty of the British raj. The deflection of thought in regard to India caused by the British Ulster appears in the value placed upon British as compared with Indian life. It was seen in the time of the mutiny in the fervors of Tennyson's Relief of Lucknow. Readers of Mr. E. M. Forster's A Passage to India will remember the brilliantly satiric passage describing the gathering of British officials and their families in their clubhouse, consciously recalling the scene at the residency of Lucknow, and intoxicating themselves with the words: Women and children. When a few years ago a British general ordered shot down in cold blood hundreds of unarmed Hindus, men, women and children, the plea that he was defending British womanhood and childhood dried up the sense of justice and pity in the British soul. The general (whose further usefulness in India might

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seem doubtful) retired, on a pension paid by the Indians whose countrymen he had massacred, and to this was added £20,000 raised by private subscription as a special token of appreciation.

This is the psychology of Ulster. We see it working in the Chinese situation. There the western nations have established a whole nest of Ulsters in the various concessions, set apart for them under the principle of extra-territoriality. Within these concessions live business men, missionaries and diplomatic agents, maintaining a social life of their own, supporting each other in their intolerable pretensions of racial superiority. Within these concessions are now growing up industrial institutions of which the regulation is particularly difficult owing to the division of responsibility among several nations, and over which the Chinese may exercise no authority whatever. These enclaves serve to break down the control of her foreign trade by China, particularly in the matter of opium, in which the English are heavily interested. Naturally the Chinese are desirous of having these Ulsters done away with, and Western thought is generally agreed on the justice of this desire. But when Mr. Chamberlain was questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, while admitting that Russia, Austria and Germany had abandoned extra-territoriality altogether, he added laconically that His Majesty's Government was not prepared to follow their example.

In the present and future of China the psychology of Ulster is doing, and threatening to do, its worst. In Shanghai last May a Chinese laborer was shot and killed in a Japanese mill. Apparently the foreign nations within whose jurisdiction the killing occurred, paid no attention to the matter, but students and workers held a memorial service, and some of the students entered the foreign city bearing flags protesting against foreign imperialism. They were arrested, and after examination held for trial. On May 30, their schoolfellows made a demonstration of sympathy within the foreign city. The British authorities have a force of Sikhs acting as police in Shanghai, doubtless with the felicitous purpose of promoting good feeling between China and India, and a detail composed partly of these, partly of Chinese, under the command of a certain Inspector-Sergeant Everson tried to disperse the crowd which numbered 2,000. Undoubtedly in view of the responsibility upon him for the protection of white womanhood in the midst of an alien population Everson's nerves were a bit jumpy. At all events after a warning given in English he ordered his men to fire, and, as a good pupil of General Dyer of Amritsar, to continue firing. Eleven students and workmen were killed, and many wounded.

At the trial Inspector Everson stated that in his opinion the crowd was uncontrollable. When asked whether he had thought of trying to disperse the mob with a fire hose he replied that he had not. When asked whether he could not have accomplished his purpose by firing at their legs he replied that his orders provided for only one kind of shooting—to kill. One missionary (English) testified that in the circumstances he would have done what Everson did; another, the Rev. Sydney R. Anderson of the American Methodist Church, testified that he saw no resistance on the part of the crowd in general or of the men arrested. He considered that the police were absolutely unjustified in firing. Nevertheless firing once begun has continued in Shanghai for the protection of foreigners and their property, though until recently the only goods destroyed and persons killed have been Chinese. Further investigation of Everson by the diplomatic corps at Pekin is under way, but the difficulty, as in the case of General Dyer of Amritsar, is to deal with him as a blundering soldier while public opinion exalts him as a savior of white womanhood—and there is the further danger in event of his demotion of the British losing "face" before the Chinese, to which danger all foreign nations except possibly the Japanese are sympathetic.

The American government has always been suspicious of the Ulster doctrine. It has hesitated to recognize a colony of its own nationals on the soil of another country as being entitled to protection in the possession of special privileges. It has refused at times to delimit a special concession for its own subjects in Chinese cities, preferring to share the joint responsibility of international control of the foreign quarter. There is, however, another political principle which supplements admirably the Ulster doctrine. That is the so-called Civis Romanus doctrine, formulated by Lord Palmerston, according to which it is the function of the state to protect its citizens wherever in the world they may have gone in pursuit of objects legitimate under the laws of their own country. Palmerston's applications of the Civis Romanus doctrine against Greece in the case of Don Pacifico and against China in that of the lorcha Arrow—a Chinese vessel floating the British flag—were later seen to be sheer bullying of weaker nations, but at the time they afforded excellent political talking points.

In America the Civis Romanus doctrine has been very popular. One has only to remember the vogue of the American Palmerston's slogan, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." The demand for the protection of its citizens is, of course, a purely unilateral demand on the part of the stronger power. Our national government insists on the safety of Americans in Mexico, but displays no interest in the fate of Mexicans who are done to death by scores every year in our border states. Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg make a reservation in their policy of general good will toward China in favor of the protection of American citizens. They might well turn back in their handbooks of American history to the eighties, the days of Dennis Kearney and the

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sand lot gatherings directed against the Chinese. Did our federal government protect Chinese residents from torture and murder at the hands of local mobs? It did not. It might occur to Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg that as there were good and sufficient reasons why our government could not give the Chinese the safety to which they were entitled by treaty, there may be reasons why the Chinese government cannot give such protection to Americans. But probably these astute gentlemen realize that the Civis Romanus doctrine has a place in American psychology too strong to be shaken. It will be the chief lever used by Americans in China in deflecting public opinion from a fair and unprejudiced view of the Chinese situation to one more favorable to their special interests.

For the Ulster and the Civis Romanus doctrines together make for a totally false emphasis and lack of proportion in viewing the relations of peoples of different race and culture. They are a perfect expression of the idea of racial superiority. To the Anglo-Indian the safety of his group in an alien land outweighs everything else in the situation. A few British lives must be atoned for by those of hundreds of natives. To some this represents a genuine valuation, and to others it is an indispensable condition of the survival of British prestige. In China the same Anglo-Indian attitude prevails. A British editor in China is reported by Dr. Harry F. Ward as remarking: "Well, you have to recognize that might is right . . . Also you must recognize that there are slave races in the world and the Chinese is one of them." Another British editor when asked the other day what would happen if China denounced the treaties of extra-territoriality replied, "Nothing." The Powers in his opinion would merely continue to hold their concessions by military force, virtually annexing them. Might is right.

The Americans in China are more reasonable than the British toward the Chinese point of view in the matter of the concessions. Their Ulster psychology is not so strong. Nevertheless many of them resented bitterly the remarks of ex-Minister Schurman, in suggesting a modification of extra-territoriality, and sympathized with the feeling said to be general among the British that America was "letting them down." Some of them illustrate the lack of sense of proportion, born of the Ulster habit of mind, in seriously urging on their government the policing of China by the armies of those nations which in the present division of the world may be called the punitive powers. On the other side must be set the example of American missionaries who have requested their government to renounce measures of protection and revenge in their behalf. It will be a long time before this spirit of the Christian prevails over that of the Ulsterman and the Roman citizen. Today while Americans at home complacently think of their country as the best friend of China, Chinese students are inquiring why, in the general coercion of their country, America sends most gunboats, or why, in the sporadic invasions for protection or punishment, the American landing parties are always largest.

Valuation is Vexation

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars and over ten years in the effort to ascertain the values of the railroads. Its task is not nearly done. The work which it has completed may be upset by the courts. And by the time any final valuations are arrived at, they may be so obsolete that the process will have to begin all over again. At first blush this may look like a futile proceeding. The approximate values of most things are arrived at handily enough by those interested in buying, selling, using or taxing them. And it does not seem very important for the government to fix railroad values so exactly.

Nevertheless, under private ownership coupled with public regulation, it is necessary, however unimportant it may be, for precise valuations to be made. We have a Constitution which says that nobody may be deprived of his property without "due process of law." We have courts which have decided that a governmental body regulating rates does take property without "due process"—that is, without adequate compensation—if it sets rates too low to provide a "fair return" on the "value" of the property. Therefore public bodies, as well as the utilities they regulate, must know exactly what a "fair return" and what the "value" are.

We also have a Valuation Act and a Transportation Act, which in the special instance of the railroads instruct the Interstate Commerce Commission to find the values of the roads, to set a fair percentage of return as a guide to the average yield which rates should provide on the aggregate value, and to recapture from any road making more than its fair return, one-half of the annual excess. Values must also be consulted in security issues. When roads are consolidated, the total securities of the new unit may not be greater than the aggregate values of the component parts. In applying the most important sections of the Transportation Act, knowledge of values is thus a condition precedent to successful regulation. In fact, without such knowledge, the main purposes of the act must fail—which are to provide rates which are at the same time as low as possible for the shipper and high enough to attract new railroad investment, to keep alive the weaker roads without making the stronger ones too fat, to improve railroad efficiency and to prevent financial manipulation which tends to raise rates and injure service.

Granted that knowledge of railroad values is

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essential, what makes it so difficult to fix them? The main reason is that there are strong conflicting desires in the matter, which have to be adjusted by reason rather than by economic power. The owners want a value as high as possible for rate-fixing and recapture purposes, and as low as possible for taxing purposes. The interests of shippers and government are usually opposed to those of owners. Each is inclined to seize upon the theory best suited to his interests, and the conflict of theory is so muddled that no certain result issues.

The difficulty can be made clear by a brief sketch of the conflicting theories. Take the ordinary one of market value. Usually we can tell about what a thing is "worth" by what it sells for. This, of course, cannot mean in the case of a railroad the price at a forced sale, but only the price as a going concern. But whole railroads are not bought and sold every day. Only one class of things having to do with railroad ownership is regularly bought and sold in a public market. That is their securities. And the prices of the securities are largely dependent on the earnings of the road, which in turn depend largely on the rates. First to fix the rates, then to determine the value of the property on the basis of what the rates yield, and then to use this value as a basis for rate-fixing, would be to reason in a circle. Either the rates so fixed would be arbitrary, or else they would be just what the railroad could charge if regulation did not exist, in which case rate-fixing would be a farce. This difficulty inheres in every attempt to base valuation on earning power or on what the railroad has for sale in the course of its ordinary business.

Faced with this obstacle, the valuation experts have turned to the prices of what the railroad companies themselves have to buy in order to build and equip their plants. You can make an inventory of the right of way, the land, the rails and ties, the buildings, the locomotives and cars, the engineering and labor services in construction, the working capital necessary, add them all up, and arrive at a total cost. But here enter new points of controversy. Granted that the market values of all these things can be ascertained or estimated, their values change from time to time. Should we price them at the time they actually were bought by the railroad in question, or at the present time? This question gives rise to the controversy over original cost versus reproduction cost.

It is interesting to note the history of these theories. When valuations began to be made by state authorities, the general price level was lower than when most of the railroads were built. The public authorities therefore argued for the cost of reproduction. "But," answered the railroads, "our original costs were much higher. By a mere theory you are preventing us from earning a fair return on what we actually invested." "Ah," replied the commissions, "but if anyone should want to compete with you, he could now build a line at the present prices, and get your traffic away by underbidding you on rates. In that case the market value of your property would be based on reproduction cost. It would, that is, unless we should set an artificially high minimum rate for the sake of protecting your investment. The risk of a changing price level is borne by every investor, and is legitimately your risk, not the public's."

Since the passage of the federal railroad valuation act, however, prices have risen mightily. Now the railroads are all on the other side. "The value of property," they say—and many of the courts have sustained the view—"is its present value, not its value at some previous time. If anyone should want to compete with us, or if we should decide to go out of business, the public could not get from anyone else the service we now render without paying a fair return on the cost of reproduction. Granted that this would give us a high rate on what we actually invested, still it would be justified on acount of the reduced value of the dollar. An investor who ten years ago received five dollars on his share of stock now needs seven or eight to be able to buy as much with his dividends."

A minority of the Supreme Court and of the Interstate Commerce Commission—led by Justice Brandeis and Commissioner Eastman—has consistently advocated the original cost theory, or at least a variation of it known as "prudent investment." They make out a strong case. What we are dealing with is an actual situation, not a hypothetical one. Railroading is not a highly competitive business in which firms come and go rapidly. It cannot be judged by the standards of such a business. Most of the great railroads have been built; there is no possibility of their being reproduced at present prices. If new competition should arise, no one can tell what the actual effect would be. It might be to depress rates. The duty of the Commission and the courts is to fix a minimum value, so that rates allowing at least a fair return on that value may not be confiscatory. If higher rates should prove necessary in a certain territory on account of new railroads constructed at higher costs, the Commission would not be prevented from granting them. We safeguard the minimum value of a railroad if we allow a fair return on the actual sacrifice of the investors. Moreover, one of the purposes of the Transportation Act is to keep alive the less profitable roads and encourage new investment, without giving unduly high returns to the more profitable roads. This is the aim of the recapture provision, which directs the Commission to take from all roads making more than a "fair return," half of the excess. But if roads with low construction costs are to be continually revalued at higher reproduction costs, there would in many cases be nothing to recapture, and no way to equalize the more profitable and the less profitable in respect to one great source of difference in rate of profit.

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There is also an overwhelming practical argument for this theory. It is important to get valuations settled, to get them out of the realm of metaphysics and into the realm of accounting. It is more important, for administrative purposes, to do this than it is to make endlessly sure the value is not a little too high or a little too low. Once you have determined the original cost of the investment and installed an adequate accounting system to take care of additions and depreciation, you have a continual, automatic record of the value, kept up by bookkeepers and auditors. Everybody—investors, managers, shippers, public, labor and government officials—can know at all times what the value of a railroad is, and can act accordingly. If price levels change, equitable adjustments may be made in the rate of "fair return." But if you set value by reproduction costs, changing it with every change in prices, you have fluctuations every day, which demand frequent revaluation by means of engineers' estimates, revision of accounts, legal controversies, long delayed court decisions. Nothing would be certain except the terrific expense of the proceeding.

The "prudent investment" modification is merely to prevent the valuation from including money foolishly or fraudulently spent in construction. In some cases it is not equitable to take the actual cost, but merely what the project should have cost when it was built. This serves notice on future builders that they cannot build any ill-conceived railway, however small may be the chance of return, or employ grafting contractors, and then expect the public to pay the bill. . . . For lack of space we pass over controversies about depreciation and other minor points which are in their way as troublesome as the major ones.

Neither the law, the majority of the Commission, nor the majority of the Supreme Court has established any clear method of valuation. The law says that the Commission shall report in detail, regarding the property used for carrier purposes other than land, "the original cost to date, the cost of reproduction new, the cost of reproduction new less depreciation," and methods and reasons for these several costs. It shall "in like manner ascertain and report separately any other values and elements of value, if any," and it shall value any property not used for the railroad's purposes as common carrier. The law does not specify how these elements shall be combined. The Commission in its turn does not do so. It simply expresses its intention, quoting from the Supreme Court decision in the Minnesota rate cases, to make "a reasonable judgment having its basis in a proper consideration of all relevant facts." It does not describe in detail how such judgments are arrived at, but, quoting the Supreme Court in an assessment case, says that they "express an intuition of experience which outruns analysis and sums up many unnamed and tangled impressions, which may lie beneath consciousness without losing their worth." How an exact figure of dollars and cents can possibly be revealed by such sub-conscious reverie is not explained.

Former Commissioner Potter, while he does not hold that any general formula can be applied to all cases, does believe that specific reasons can and should be cited in each case. He believes the Commission is taking refuge in vague legal language from confusion of thought and disinclination to be held responsible for any specific theory.

> Unless it is shown how the different elements were understood and treated, correction of error in the final judgment as to final value is impossible. . . . The work should be done so that our results are entitled to weight, or it should not be done at all. If we cannot do it in a manner to give credence to what we do, we should inform Congress of the fact and recommend that appropriations for the work be discontinued.

Mr. Potter also points out that as a matter of fact the aggregate figure arrived at for the first 330 carriers valued differs by only one-thirteenth of 1 percent from the cost of reproduction less depreciation, plus value of lands, plus 5 percent. He thinks that indicates the actual use of a formula applying the cost of reproduction theory.

Our purpose is not so much to take sides in this tangled problem as to illustrate one of the basic difficulties of practicing regulation under the Transportation Act and other existing laws. One may well despair whether the purposes of the Act can be achieved before railroads themselves become obsolete. Might it not be more realistic, as suggested by Dr. Robert L. Hale of Columbia, to admit that in fixing rates at all below what they would be without regulation, we are confiscating property in the traditional economic sense of those words, that the courts cannot by any sound logical process reconcile effective rate regulation with the absence of confiscation, and that the real question is how much confiscation there should be in the public interest? Or perhaps instead of confiscating by rate regulation it would be simpler to take over the property and compensate for it at once. But that, of course, would be the dreaded public ownership.

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Will the Farmers Pay?

A SCHOOL of economic opinion has arisen in answer to those who have contended that great international payments of reparations or debts will be difficult if not impossible to make, and uncomfortable to receive. Among the more careful expositions of its arguments are the preliminary study of the National Industrial Conference Board on The Inter-Ally Debts and the United States, and a paper in the June number of the American Economic Review on Germany's Capacity to Pay and the Reparation Plan by Professor Frank D. Graham.

It will be remembered that Dr. H. G. Moulton of the Institute of Economics and others, in their analyses of the reparations problem, pointed out that there were two major questions involved—the capacity of the debtor nations to produce the necessary surplus, and the possibility of transferring it to the creditor nations. International payments can eventually be made only in the form of goods and services. Germany, to pay reparations, must first produce enough beyond the needs of her own people to make up the required amount. The surplus must, furthermore, be in the shape of exportable commodities or services. All informed estimates showed clearly that the amounts first demanded by the Allies were far too high. The Dawes plan at length reduced the demands and gave them flexibility according to future German capacity, to be determined in practice. Since then speculation has turned more to the second question—which applies to all debtor nations as much as to Germany—the possibility of transfer.

Here numerous difficulties were foreseen. Could the large payments be transferred from the debtor countries without depressing their foreign exchanges and so unsettling the stability of their currencies, necessary for normal production and trade? Where were the markets to be found for the requisite exports? Could these markets be found, and the goods exported, without ruinous competition with the producers and traders of the creditor nations? In particular, how could the United States, the ultimate creditor, which for years had been accustomed to an export surplus, adjust her industry to an import surplus? How could she do this and still maintain a really protective tariff?

To such disturbing questions the new school has an answer which I will attempt to summarize as accurately as possible without much technical detail.

The debtor government provides the financial means of payment by taxing its citizens and turning over the proceeds to the receiving government. The creditor government is thus enabled to lower its taxes by an equivalent amount. This is really a transfer of purchasing power from the citizens of one country to those of the other.

The actual payment cannot be made in gold if the gold standard is to be maintained, but it may be made in such a way as to decrease the amount of currency in the debtor nation. Professor Graham suggests that the Allies take paper marks and destroy them. Such decrease of currency, combined with reduced purchasing power, would tend to lower German prices.

For some reason difficult to understand, prices in the creditor nation would rise. The difference in prices between the two countries would stimulate the flow of commodities from the debtor to the creditor.

In the debtor nation, the prices of goods exported, though lower than prices in the creditor nation, would be higher than the prices of goods for domestic trade. The reverse would be true in the creditor nation.

The producers for export in the debtor nation would therefore be comparatively prosperous, capital and labor would flow to them from the domestic-market producers, and industry would adjust itself to bring forth the necessary exports—to the injury of the internal standard of living.

The producers for foreign trade in the creditor nation would suffer relatively to those dependent on domestic consumption, and a readjustment would take place in favor of the domestic market. Thus would the citizens of the creditor nation receive the goods comparable to their increase in purchasing power.

Let us assume that this theory is correct, and inquire as to the nature of the requisite "readjustment" in the United States. The propounders of the theory wave it aside as of small importance. It will injure export trade, they say, and will hit especially those in the weaker competitive position. If all the Allied debts were funded and paid in full, the annual payment would amount to approximately $600,000,000, or about 1 percent of our annual production. This cannot in the long run be of large consequence to the nation as a whole. When it is pointed out that Germany, like the Allied debtors, cannot much enlarge her exports of raw materials, but must make payment chiefly in manufactures, which we attempt to exclude by a protective tariff, their answer is that German and Allied manufactures will be sold to neutrals, who in turn will pay us in raw materials on which we levy little or no duty. Any essential American industry, they say, if threatened by German or Allied competition in this country, may be preserved by a high enough tariff. (What industry is not politically essential in tariff-making?)

Now I agree that if this $600,000,000 were spread evenly over all American production no industry would feel it very much and all would be well. But according to this theory it will not be

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so spread. It will come avalanching in on those producing for export, and among exporters will blight those in the weaker competitive position. And I confess to some interest as to just who these unfortunates are and how badly they will be hurt before the comfortable "long run" of conventional economics smooths away all pain.

Also, the optimists state that a payment by a government is in its ultimate results like the payment of international debts by private persons. If that is so, we must add the effect of the immense private foreign investments by Americans which have been piling up in recent years. These are already as large as the public War debts. They are increasing by leaps and bounds, because we have not been accepting many cash payments of interest or principal, but have been reinvesting the proceeds abroad. As long as we continue that process we do not have to account for any increase of imports arising from this source, but the longer we continue it, the larger the eventual total of imports must be. If we should stop investing abroad tomorrow, we should have an annual charge of at least $600,000,000 to add to the War debt payments.

With these observations in mind, we may hunt for the victim.

What industry is likely to be hit hardest by a decline in exports?

What industry is in the weakest competitive position?

What industry is least susceptible to protection by tariff?

What imports will Germany, England, France, and Belgium, faced by high prices in the United States, a low popular purchasing power at home, and the necessity of crude materials for their exporting factories, be most likely to dispense with, or at least to seek from other and cheaper sources?

If the American wage-earner, faced with higher prices of protected manufactured products, is yet to have a larger purchasing power than before, what kind of products (susceptible to foreign competition) must he buy more cheaply than before?

With the propounding of every question the riddle grows easier. All dovetail around one answer. Of course—it must be the food-producer, the farmer, and especially the wheat-grower, who must suffer. One was stupid not to have thought of it before. No wonder the manufacturing associations do not worry about the conflict of the tariff wall with the import tide.

Some day we may hear what the farmers have to say about a "readjustment" of our industries to the tune of perhaps $1,200,000,000 annually, in which they are among the principal readjustees. (The value of all principal grains and their products, including wheat flour, exported during the year ending June, 1925, was $534,792,000.) As to the long run, is it on the cards that we, like Great Britain, shall become a preëminently manufacturing nation, with a declining agriculture, and shall depend on foreign sources for our food supply? In that case what will happen when the payment of War debts ceases or through some great world upheaval we are forced to do without the tribute of interest on foreign investments?

Or is there some other answer?

GEORGE SOULE.

Pitchforks and Presidents

WITH the census of 1920 the numerical balance of power in the United States was shown to have passed from the country to the city. With more than 51 percent of us then city dwellers, with farmers no longer the largest single occupational group, the United States ceased to be the predominantly pioneer, agricultural nation of its tradition and history. As a million more farmers every year lock up the old homestead to climb the tenement stairs are we correspondingly developing a new national psychology? Is our mental bias becoming also urban and cosmopolitan?

Or does our century and a half of pioneer, agricultural tradition sit tight upon us like the crown on the head of the British democracy? In a land of flats and factories does the pitchfork remain the sceptre of the typical American and its peculiar Puritanism his philosophy? Certainly our forefathers fastened upon us almost inextricably a complete mythology of frontier environment. For the paraphernalia of their lives they never regarded as chance externals, but as instinct with moral qualities. Their America was as highly allegorical a world as that of Pilgrim's Progress. In it the log cabin and the old oaken bucket were not the makeshifts of pioneer life but symbols, as an early orator put it, "of simplicity and uncorrupted principles." Mere association with these symbolic objects became a guarantee of character. In the national consciousness, as in Fashion, the recently revived play of 1845, the "independent farmer" and the "city chap" represented without explanation the ethical antipodes.

The early rush to the city left this doctrine untouched. Like the devout Prohibitionist with the well-stocked cellar, during the years when men began to rush hardest they applauded loudest such plays as The Old Homestead and Shore Acres, while school children in their copper-toed shoes continued to extol the Barefoot Boy.

Only in the past decade have these folk thought-habits shown a sign of weakening. Then in our literature the Great City ceased to be automatically cast as villain, and our novelists became notably de-

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voted to speaking harsh truths about farm and village life. But how far is this new tolerance toward the city really shared by the inarticulate majority, still nurtured by the public school in the national myth? Do they yet consider the delicatessen as moral as the old-fashioned kitchen, or the tenement rather than the log cabin a hallowed birthplace for a president? How do they react on their rare opportunities for self-expression?

On this subject I believe we have a ready-made gauge in the nation-wide referendum of the general election. For in the United States, as I hope to show, the prevalent culture has often found its clearest envisagement in politics. Indeed, the chief value of a general election sometimes seems to be to the social historian. Here, provided at public expense, he has an X-ray picture of the body politic. All those structural and even functional changes whose symptoms he has dimly glimpsed lie photographed for his diagnosis. For elections are not primarily intelligence tests. In the past century they have been, for most of our electorate, channels of emotional release, and are thus revelatory even in years when there were no great issues. For then the mob's desire to have a ruler in its own image has often found most thorough expression. The winning image has thus embodied the dominant culture.

This, of course, is the accepted interpretation of Andrew Jackson's victory in 1828. For the first time a president was elected not on account of supposed superior fitness over his constituents but because he was exactly like them. The almost monarchical tradition of Washington and his successors was stopped. "Jackson truly represented the mass mind of the frontier, and that meant at this period the greater portion of the American people," says John Spencer Bassett. "The Federalist, Jeffersonian-Republican and National Republican parties had never represented the mass of the people, and this largely because of the belief that government should be run by carefully selected, educated leaders. . . . The notion 'He [Jackson] is one of us' appealed strongly to common men." Jackson was the symbol of an electorate aware of itself, the concrete evidence of its desire to be in truth self-governed.

By 1840 leaders of the new Whig party had assimilated the lesson of Jackson's success. To guide this monster of an electorate it was only necessary to dress up a leader in its own habiliments. Although my grandmother was but five years old at the time, she grasped the chief issue of that presidential campaign. Excited men, she often told me, marched up and down the streets carrying a miniature log cabin and shouting for "Tippecanoe." There was no doubt in her mind, nor, she was sure, in theirs, that William Henry Harrison's paramount qualification for the Presidency was the fact that he had once farmed amid frontier conditions as rough as any his constituents had experienced. "Harrison," says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "was the first presidential candidate to be selected on the grounds of expediency alone." His campaign, conducted by a party without a platform, was the first consciously focussed on the outward symbols of the folk life. "Of what party are we?" asked the chairman of the Whig Young Men. "We are of the log cabin party." As a candidate Harrison practically did not exist without his stage properties—his log cabin, his cider instead of wine, his nickname reminiscent of frontier fighting, his pitchfork and plough—earnests of his sharing of the small-scale agricultural life of the time.

No political strategy was ever more immediately successful. These well selected appurtenances aroused a popular frenzy and a majority vote that eclipsed Jackson's twelve years before. A new pattern for presidential candidates had been set, which with a little fitting here and there was to suit the American electorate on occasion for the next eighty years.

Never, however, has it had a recrudescence more complete than that of 1924. The campaign for Calvin Coolidge differed only in technique from the 1840 model. Upon his identification with the pioneer, agricultural tradition it was avowedly waged, and on that issue, by Democratic admission, it was largely won.

Mr. Coolidge was not a pioneer nor a farmer, and neither were the majority of his constituents. Like them, indeed, he was a city dweller. Yet it was the invocation of the pitchfork and the kerosene lamp, symbols more or less alien both to him and to them, that was largely responsible for his election. A picture of Mr. Coolidge shaking the furnace in the cellar of his two-family house in Northampton might have touched a more genuinely common experience. But his campaign managers trusted to nothing so untried. They went back thirty-odd years to his connection with rural Vermont. No more than Harrison was Coolidge to be judged on his own qualities or on any issue, but on the mythological attributes of his early environment. A year before the election, in the Atlantic Monthly for November, 1923, his biographer, Mr. Edward E. Whiting, struck the keynote. "It is necessary," he wrote, "to remember this Vermont background . . . *Vermont stands for more than a state of the Union. It stands for vigor, for thrift, for courage physical and moral, for a mighty pioneer past maintained in a sturdy present.*" After this it was only necessary to put a pitchfork into Mr. Coolidge's hands and turn him over to the movie camera and the rotogravure makers.

But Mr. Whiting went further. "My folks," he represented Mr. Coolidge as saying of the rural Vermonters, "are happy and contented. They belong to themselves, live within their income, and fear no man." Vermont, of course, is one of the smallest states in the Union. Between 1910 and 1920 its people were so contented that even this small population diminished. If, moreover, they belonged to themselves or lived within their incomes

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their situation differed from that reported by the National Grange, which recently put the total debt standing against American farms at fourteen billion, including a mortgage debt of four billion. But Mr. Whiting was talking and was understood in terms of the traditional mythology of the United States.

So in this day when electricity is fast illumining the nation, Democratic party leaders in their election analysis date their downfall and Mr. Coolidge's ascendancy from the moment "when he came down the stairs in his father's remote farmhouse to take the oath of office as President under the dim light of a kerosene lamp." A painting of this lamp-lit scene by a popular illustrator was indeed broadcast by a magazine with several million circulation. The environment alone proclaimed the man.

Is there then no political sign of a change in the national psychology? I believe that there is, that exactly as in the time of Andrew Jackson we are seeing the slow, subconscious surge of democracy about to assert itself in an act of genuine self-expression. Even at the last election, in the midst of the national salaam before the sacred pitchfork, the counter strength of a new and antithetical culture reared its head.

Four years ago it became first nationally visible. Then without warning the greatest unpremeditated display of political emotion in our history centred about a protagonist of the city. Men still talk of the 1920 Democratic convention. Last summer again newspapers reviewed its outburst: how in the routine nomination of favorite sons New York State named its governor, Alfred E. Smith, a man of little national prominence known chiefly for his picturesque rise from the tenements. Two minutes later, the standard of every state and territory was being carried through the aisles. For a half hour the whole convention sang and cheered, said the Times, "until it had got out of its brimful heart all the affection it felt for the *man who had made his way from the humble beginnings of a poor boy on the East Side.*"

What were the songs they sang, those marchers from Maine and Utah, Georgia and Alaska? They were the folksongs of the city: Sweet Rosie O'Grady, The Bowery, The Sidewalks of New York. The city, unacknowledged love of half a century, was acclaimed before the world. A similarly spontaneous demonstration for Mr. Coolidge, though armed with a dozen pitchforks, is unthinkable. Al Smith is "one of ours," a symbol of the majority life of today.

In 1924, despite the barrier of his religion, as presidential nominee he deadlocked the Democratic convention. Against the full current of the Republican tide in New York state he easily held the governorship. "New York City," wrote a seasoned political observer, "stood by its authentic product." If, as another suggested, Al Smith is "the most popular man in the history of American politics," it is because he represents this new folk-life. Formed by the city, tingling with its hearty life, out of it he came, and for it he speaks. Newsboy, truckman, volunteer fireman, ward politician, he swam delightedly in its full current. "The Brooklyn Bridge and I grew up together," he once said half symbolically. "Out of the crucible of the pain and joys in the life of the poor folk in a big city," admits his recent biographer, "must have come his human traits."

This city folk-life is not yet fully conscious or fully visualized. Perhaps it will never have its shrines, its moral connotations paralleling those of the frontier. About this city folk-life is a different quality, a kind of pagan delight. It is a rhythm felt rather than an allegory pictured. And already it is felt, not only in New York City and in the other large cities, but throbbing through the breadth of the continent. Above the rumble of all its wheels and the beat of all its factories comes clearly the trill of the hurdy-gurdy, the city's authentic overtone of joy: "East Side, West Side, all about the town—"

In 1828 the American people rose against tradition to set an exponent of their own folk-life in the presidential chair. What of 1928?

EUNICE FULLER BARNARD.

Disinherited

I

Back of the stately mirror and its gleam,
  A dim projection of that ordered house,
He saw, clairvoyantly, the rotten beam,
  Heard mortar crumbling and the busy mouse.
A film of dust, impalpable as mist,
  Gathered on balustrade and chandelier;
Time was for him the grim antagonist,
  Ever alert, whose other name was Fear.

Sitting one winter night before the fire,
  He heard the spiders whisper as they spun:
  "Another web! Another web begun!"
He heard a myriad enemies conspire
  Against his House, and least of those who spoke,
  The worms gave thanks for so much seasoned oak.

II

It was a useless battle that he fought.
  Bedded in Utrecht velvet, moths grew fat;
The silver that a master smith had wrought
  Turned into pewter, and the wine went flat.
Nobody cleaned the mirrors any more;
  Mice, bolder than the candle glimmer, wove
Their lacy patterns on the polished floor,
  And all that feeds on dissolution throve.

Looking beyond those walls, he saw crash in
  The ancient universe that had been built
  On the secure gentility of gilt,
Of grace and lineage and self-discipline—
  A laggard who had asked the world to wait,
  Whose only sin was Being Born Too Late.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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The Tragedy of Waste*

III. The Wastes of Advertising

A ROUGH estimate of the output in newspapers, magazines, books, pamphlets and circularization matter, reveals the fact that nearly two quadrillion words come off the printing presses of the United States in a year's time. Eleven billion linear miles of words—enough to go clean around the solar system. It would take a shell 500 years to go from the first headline to the last. To consume them all, every man, woman and child in the country over seven years of age would have to read some 60,000 words a day—a sizeable bookful. And well over half of them are advertiser's copy.

Advertising might be termed the big brother of most of the forms of illth I have already described. It is the life blood of quackery, and the patent medicine industry. It enters largely into the output of super-luxuries, fashions, commercialized recreation. It is an invaluable adjunct in mobilizing a nation for war. Though the man power engaged directly and indirectly in advertising is not so large as in certain other forms of wasteful consumption, nevertheless its power, prestige, and ramifications are such as to merit a separate discussion. Furthermore, its position is slightly different from the forms of illth heretofore enumerated. It is not an end product. No one consumes advertising directly. It is an intermediary service which points the way to consumption and which enters into the cost of consumption—whether the product be soap or lingerie, motor cars or pink pills.

Mr. Edward Bok, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, has estimated the total annual outlay for advertising as follows:

> Newspapers, $600,000,000; direct advertising (mail matter, hand bills, etc.) $300,000,000; magazines, $150,000,000; trade papers, $70,000,000; farm papers, $27,000,000; sign boards, $30,000,000; novelties, $30,000,000; demonstrations, $24,000,000; window displays, $20,000,000; posters, $12,000,000; street car cards, $11,000,000; motion pictures, $5,000,000; programs, $5,000,000; total, $1,284,000,000.

Over $1,250,000,000 involving, at an average wage of $2,000, the labor power, direct and indirect, of upwards of 600,000 workers. Mr. Bok's estimate is not excessive, for it checks with all other estimates we have seen, which run in the neighborhood of a billion a year, or better.

Whether this total includes under the caption of "direct advertising" all of the doctrinal matter on and about package goods and bottles, we do not know, but we suspect that it does not. Such outlays are more likely to be charged direct to the cost of manufacture.

So-called "national advertising," which discloses the merits of a single product to the whole country from California to Maine, amounts to over $600,000,000 a year—or about one half the total for all advertising. A poster campaign covering the country with 17,196 lithographs, duly placed at proper scenic spots along the public highways, will cost about $140,000 per month to operate.

More than half of the output of the country's printing presses is advertising matter. In newspapers, the ratio of advertising space to total space runs from 40 to 75 percent. Thus of the 2,600,000 tons of newsprint pulp consumed annually well over 1,500,000 tons goes into advertising. It has been estimated that 80 percent of all mail matter consists of advertising material. The proportion of this which finds the wastebasket unread must be very considerable. One concern appropriated $12,000,000 for advertising in 1923. In the same year the Investment Bankers' Association spent $40,000,000. Meanwhile, a single page in the Saturday Evening Post costs $11,000 per insertion. The Wrigley gum electric sign at Times Square, New York, consumed $108,000 of current a year. On the top of the Cleveland Credit Company appears this legend: "This sign burns more current than the entire town of Illyria." Illyria has a population of 30,000.

America has perhaps pushed the technique of advertising to the highest point ever achieved, but in output per capita England is almost on a par with us. According to Hartley Withers, the total British bill is £100,000,000 a year, or almost $500,000,000. The British taste in patent medicines, however, has always been exotic.

The advertising industry, "viewed from an æroplane," would be seen to consist of some 600,000 workers: writing copy, canvassing for clients, designing layouts, painting pictures, engineering campaigns; supported by printers, compositors, paper makers, chemical workers, lumber-jacks, railroad men, carpenters, sign-painters, electricians, lithographers, billposters, woodworkers, paint-makers, mail clerks, letter carriers, telephone operators, stenographers, bookkeepers, psychologists, and efficiency experts—to name only a few. Advertising keeps the whole 600,000 busy. If they lived in Denmark—where advertising is restricted—they

* This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Chase. In greatly expanded form, they will appear as part of the material in his book, Work and Waste, to be published by the Macmillan Company, New York, this fall.

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would have to turn to some productive occupation. In other words, the industry reaches down into the ranks of the gainfully employed, picks up a half-million-odd workers, and says to them "Now shout! and furnish us the paper, ink and paint for shouting!"

Meanwhile the purchasing power of the country does not materially vary. There are just so many dollars to be spent. Advertising creates no new dollars. In fact by removing workers from productive employment, it tends to depress output, and thus even lessen the number of real dollars. What it does do is this: It *transfers* purchasing power from A to B. It makes people stop buying Mogg's soap, and start buying Bogg's soap. Every drug store carries some sixty kinds of soap and thirty-five kinds of tooth paste. It makes people stop buying shaving soap in mugs, and starts them buying it in tinfoil sticks. It can make A rich and ruin B. With a fixed and relentless number of dollars to play with, it can shift these dollars all over the map. But as Veblen points out, the game is played in a closed market. You cannot lift yourself by your bootstraps. Further, "in such a closed market, the volume of purchasing power will be narrowed by approximately the aggregate cost of salesmanship." And Veblen quotes patly enough a remark at a recent conference of one of the big New York agencies: "Blank has the market, it is our problem to dislodge him."

Advertising would not disappear in a functional society. It would simply shrink to perhaps 10 percent of its present volume and let the other 540,000 people go back to productive work. The true function of advertising, as we see it, lies in the dissemination of news about coming events, new inventions, new products. Theatre and concert advertising, new books, a campaign for public hygiene, a safety campaign, six months' space for a new synthetic food, for an alchohol engine that was cheaper than gasoline—would be tolerable and welcome. National advertising for the education of the consumer, if conducted by some impartial and scientific body, might conceivably provide a great channel for eliminating wastes in consumption. But nine-tenths and more of modern advertising is largely competitive wrangling as to the relative merits of two undistinguished and often undistinguishable compounds—soaps, tooth powders, motor cars, tires, snappy suits, breakfast foods, patent medicines, cigarettes.

It has been widely claimed that advertising is a public economy because it makes for large scale production, with accompanying lower unit costs. By increasing sales through advertising, factories are enlarged, mass production instituted, overhead reduced, and manufacturing economies introduced. This is no mean argument if true. The difficulty is to find concrete examples of such cost reduction. The Congressional Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry after very extended research says:

> It is significant that those trades which are the most persistent advertisers carry higher percentages of operating costs than other lines.

And again, the attempt of advertisers to gain a national as against a local market for themselves, may often involve, through cross-hauling and uneconomic location, sufficiently high costs of distribution to offset the economies in low factory cost. We believe there is some virtue in the low unit cost theory, as a theory, but we have yet to see the conclusive evidence supporting it. Even if proved, the savings would only apply to a limited portion of the whole advertising field.

A word should be said as to the wastes of their technique as admitted by advertising men themselves. Even if the whole theory of advertising were sound from the public service standpoint, there would still remain a large element of leakage and loss through misdirected effort. Boston demands brown eggs, New York white. A white egg producer is throwing space away in Boston. The foreign sections each have their unique preferences. The more up-to-date agencies are solving these problems for their own particular clients through intensive research. The bulk of the craft is still heedless of the waste involved.

Consider the single factor of the advertising mail matter which passes over one's desk in a given week. How much of it has a genuine appeal, and how much is dropped into the wastebasket with a yawn? How much is dropped in unopened? Out of 274 pieces of mail matter addressed to the author in March and April, 1925, 132 pieces—or 48 percent—were advertising matter without interest or value to him. A great deal might be done in the way of eliminating lost motion if advertising were regarded in toto as an accredited technique. In the nature of the case, however, it is probable that such savings would be simply applied to more expensive and more high-powered competitive campaigns.

Hothouse forcing is of the very essence of modern advertising. Says John A. Hobson:

> Where the commercial motive takes the initiative, there can be no adequate security that the articles which pass as new elements into a standard of consumption shall be wealth, not illth. Where an invention is stimulated to meet a genuinely "long-felt need," the generality and duration of that need may be a fair guarantee of utility. But this is not the case where the supply precedes and evokes the demand, the more usual case under developed commercialism.

He cites the case of a new line of drapery pushed into use by the repeated statement, false to begin with, that "it is being worn." Roughly the advertiser operates his forcing methods through capitaliz-

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ing the following human frailties: shame, cupidity, fear, vanity, curiosity—particularly sexual—superstition, and mother love. An analysis of the 45 advertisements in a New York elevated car in October, 1923; the 116 advertisements in Hearst's International Magazine for November, 1923; and the 83 advertisements in the Smart Set Magazine for November, 1923, give this result:

Analysis by Value	
Competitive products	233
Unique products	5
Genuine news value	6
Total	244

Analysis by Appeal	
Appeal to vanity	39
Appeal to shame	22
Appeal to sex curiosity	17
Appeal to cupidity	17
Appeal to fear	8
Palpably false	44
Harmful products (not including tobacco)	28
Unclassifiable	69
Total	244

It cannot be maintained that this analysis passes in any final way upon the advertising reviewed. It is merely one investigator's reaction. It does, however, give a rough cross section of what one finds about him in the day-by-day run of advertisement.

The fear motive operates in such campaigns as the warning "4-out-of-five-have-pyorrhea," and in the new threatening "halitosis" offensive. Neither can cure the underlying disease, but both imply cure without specifically saying so, and both throw the fear of God into the populace. The threat of old age, lost vigor, decline in physical freshness and beauty is exquisitely cared for by the astute advertiser. Applied psychology has no firmer friend than the advertising agency. As Veblen says: "The day's work of an agency—modern style—will necessarily run on the creative guidance of habit and bias by recourse to shock effects, tropismatic reactions, animal orientation, forced movements, fixation of ideas, verbal intoxication. . . ."

Consider the superfluity of goods which the forcing of turnover, the breaking down of "sales resistance"—as it is known in the jargon of the trade—entails. We are deluged with things which we do not wear, which we lose, which go out of style, which disappear anyhow—fountain pens, jewelry, patent pencils, straw hats, mouth washes, key rings, hair tonics, tooth pastes—endless jiggers and doodads and contrivances. Here it almost seems, the advertiser plays on the essential monkey within us—grabbing for a rose only to pick it to pieces, petal by petal.

A new French perfume was recently imported. It carried a moderate cost as perfumes go, and was to be sold at an average price. The promotors went to an agency for marketing suggestions. The advice given was technically sound. Appeal straight to snobbishness. Forget the moderate cost, make it the most expensive perfume on the market! Milady must have it—it costs more but it is worth it! The advice was adopted, and the perfume is a *tremendous money maker.*

Articles of intimate personal use and of conspicuous personal use lend themselves particularly to advertising—cosmetics, jewelry, snappy suits, sheer silk stockings. These things appeal to the young, as the health and vigor program appeals to the aging. Thus the industry works on a happily balanced load basis.

Containers account for one-half the manufacturing cost of what are properly called package goods. In cosmetics and remedies, the ratio will run higher. A vast traffic has been built up—largely through advertising—in "selling the package," rather than in selling what it contains. The glitter of a shaving stick holder, the unique shape of tonic bottles, the gold foil about a cigar, monogramed cigarette boxes, powder puff containers, all lead the eye away from the underlying product, and fasten it upon the splendor and the glitter of the container.

The copy writer as a rule knows little of the technical composition of the product he is writing about. His job is to put it over, regardless of the utility or the quality of the article. True art is direct, honest, undraped. One wonders, in the end, if advertising has not done more to standardize the magazine-cover pretty-girl school of art, than genuinely to improve public taste and discrimination. But we admit an arguable case.

We do not admit, however, anything but insult and degradation in signboards. The number of linear miles of American scenery which has been ruthlessly debauched by them, passes computation. On the east side of the Pennsylvania tracks, between Washington and New York, there are 5,000. The Mohawk trail through the Berkshire hills in Massachusetts has been ruined by them. In this field we are almost ready to renounce our law-abiding citizenship, and, like the Florida business man recorded by J. Horace McFarland, pack a crow-bar in our motor car with which to rip down the signs along the road from office to home! McFarland holds that billboards on public highways defeat their own end, and that indignation outweighs the laws of unconscious suggestion.

It would not be fair to a great industry to evade mention of the "Truth in Advertising" movement, which has gathered considerable momentum in recent years. The movement has made great strides in eliminating bold-faced lying. It has done no little to discourage the production of notoriously deleterious products. It has tended to improve quality. But we fail to see how it can affect the funda-

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mental economic issues involved. The elimination of certain forms of cheating and chicanery is good from the public standpoint, but the public will have to carry the load of the 600,000 non-producers just the same. They may turn from the stimulation of "Black Draught" and "baby killer" soothing syrups; but only to increase the stimulation of svelte lines, motor cars, and skins you love to touch. An advertisement was recently noted to the effect that "hard water had ruined more hands than hard work"—an advertisement put out by a water-softening concern. It had duly passed the official "Truth" censorship. A man of science wrote to the censorship and inquired what chemist had verified this statement. As a chemist himself he knew that it was not true. Nothing is harder than sea water, and nothing is better for the skin. The Truth movement replied that they had no technical backing for the statement, and invited the man of science to furnish the necessary vouchers!

In America one dollar is spent to educate consumers in what they may or may not want to buy, for every 70 cents that is spent for all other kinds of education—primary, secondary, high school, university.

And yet when all is said and done, advertising does give a certain illusion, a certain sense of escape in a machine age. It creates a dream world: smiling faces, shining teeth, school girl complexions, cornless feet, perfect fitting union suits, distinguished collars, wrinkleless pants, odorless breaths, regularized bowels, happy homes in New Jersey (15 minutes from Hoboken), charging motors, punctureless tires, perfect busts, shimmering shanks, self-washing dishes—backs behind which the moon was meant to rise.

STUART CHASE.

(Mr. Chase's fourth article, dealing with the waste of natural resources, will appear next week.)

Of Critics, and Hens

A CRITIC, who had lived all his life in the city, where, of course, he had to live to practice his profession, having been ordered by his physician to go to the country, went to his cousin's farm, fifteen miles from the railroad. His cousin, a very busy man, had no time for the talk the Critic wished since he was forbidden to write. "But," said the farmer, "it would be good for you to feed the poultry and gather the eggs." So the Critic took grain and went to the poultry yard.

In the poultry yard he came upon a most extraordinary hen, who, instead of retreating at his approach as the others had done, remained seated upon the ground, eyeing him insolently. The Critic, a little abashed, for he was unaccustomed to hens, said—for he had to talk, being a Critic—"Why don't *you* move?" To his astonishment the hen replied in the most polished accents, "I am creating, and must not be disturbed." "Ah," said the Critic, "I can understand that, though I am surprised to find such devotion to creation in a hen. But you may not know that I am a Critic, one who, while not himself creating, at least in the first instance, explains and judges the creations of others. Upon such as I rests the responsibility of deciding which of these creations shall be preserved and which shall not, and of explaining why."

"Indeed," said the hen. "And may I ask how you can tell what should be preserved and what should not?" "I am glad," said the Critic, "to find someone, even if only a hen, to whom I may explain the principles of criticism. We Critics first set ourselves to comprehend what is the artist's intuition, that is, how he has obtained the material for his work and how he has given that material form. The form must fit the material perfectly, so that we may say of the work that it has style. If it has style, the beauty of the material may appear, but not otherwise." "You mention beauty," interrupted the hen. "Does beauty inhere in the material or in the style?" "In both," replied the Critic, "but especially in the style. Ugliness in subject may be redeemed by beauty in the manner of its representation."

"Would you say this has beauty?" asked the hen, rising and revealing a very white and handsome egg. "I see that you belong to the school of Brancusi," said the Critic, who was nothing if not modern. "You have produced a very interesting example of the ovoid tendency." "Has it style?" murmured the hen. "Distinctly," said the Critic. "In arrangement of both line and plane your work pleases. In color, though you lack contrast, you have succeeded by uniformity in establishing a mood which enables the mind to grasp more firmly the smoothness of your curves and the grace of your mass." "Thank you," said the hen. "But what was my intuition?" "It is obvious," the Critic replied, "that life presents itself to you demanding a shape, and that the shape in which you see life is ovate." "In other words," said the hen, "I make eggs because I see life in egg-shapes." "Precisely," said the Critic. "Do you really think I do?" asked the hen, eyeing the Critic sardonically. The Critic felt uncomfortable. He decided to be aggressive. After all, it was only a hen. "Of course you do."

"I am sorry," said the hen, "to find a human so wrong. You are carrying grain. I see life as grain and the struggle for grain. I see life as the rooster's love, and his infidelity. I see life as the chance which gives me a beetle and leaves the guinea-fowl there only an ant. I see life as the destiny which drives me to making eggs. I do not see it as egg-shapes. For the shape of the egg is only the most convenient and economical form in which I may convey eggness, which is my way of expressing life. I can no more help it than you can help calling yourself I, if you are to call yourself at all. The lines and planes and mass of my egg do not matter; whether it has beauty does matter, but the fullness of its eggness determines whether it has beauty." "But eggness has nothing to do with art," said the Critic, desperately. "Then," replied the hen, "art has nothing to do with life. For life demands expression of its creatures, sometimes in eggness, sometimes in other ways. I understand you humans are addicted to other ways. But the way in which life demands expression is life to the artist, and if you criticize art you must criticize life, all the life included in the artist's expression of it. You have not tried to see the eggness of my egg; you have seen only the shell of my technique. As a matter of fact, the egg is a very bad egg." And she deftly broke it open with her beak.

"Now," said the hen, "is my egg beautiful or not?" But the Critic had gone.

W. B. PRESSEY.

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Washington Notes

EVERY Republican leader and every Republican candidate except an isolated few wants it understood these days that in their judgment the slogan of the 1926 Congressional campaign for the Grand Old Party should be "Support Coolidge." I forget who was the first bird to sing that song at Swampscott—probably the effusive National Committeeman from Tennessee—but it certainly got popular quick. The whole Republican aviary is warbling it now. I do not blame them. If I were in their place I would sing it too. It's the best thing they have. It nets for them two very desirable results. It capitalizes for them in their respective districts and states the undoubted popularity of the President, thus helping their individual causes along and avoiding the necessity of having concrete platforms of their own and appealing solidly on their own records. Then, too, it strengthens their claims in the matter of federal patronage.

Little matters such as local postmasters, United States marshals, district attorneys and appraisers, if dealt out in the right way and at the right time, can be tremendously helpful to Senators and Congressmen anxious to retain their seats under the big dome. As much as any administration we have ever had this one distributes its patronage on a purely political basis. From time to time Mr. Coolidge makes what may be called a personal appointment, but extraordinarily few of them lack a political flavor. A prime consideration in the making of appointments these days is the strengthening of the regular Republican machine in the locality recognized. This is not said by way of criticism, but merely as a statement of fact. To those who hold the view—and Mr. Coolidge unquestionably does—that the country and the people are infinitely better off under the rule of the dominant wing of the Republican party to which he belongs than they would be under any other, the use of federal offices to strengthen that wing is not only legitimate and natural but not to do so would be unpatriotic as well as unwise.

There is, of course, another side to that but I am not going to argue about it here. All I want to point out is that the politicians of his party who shout "Support Coolidge" are the fellows through whom the federal jobs are being distributed. Furthermore, I venture to predict that the personal appointments by Mr. Coolidge after the Senate meets this fall will be even more rare than they were before. He did not have much luck with his personal appointments last time. What happened to Warren is history and history of the unforgettable kind. Likewise his Federal Trade Board and Interstate Commerce Commission selections were held up, scrutinized, criticized, delayed and sidetracked in a way that caused the good man no little irritation and pain. It was not a pleasant experience he had last session and the belief is pretty well grounded that in the next the selections he makes will have the support of at least one Senator in the state they happen to hail from. There is not much danger that Mr. Coolidge will have to be hit twice in the same place in order to get him to appreciate the political indelicacy of the reverse policy.

And even if such were not the case and he again should send to the Senate the name of another Warren over the head and against the protest of another Couzens he will certainly have to get another leader to make the fight for him. Charlie Curtis has had enough. Nobody ever had to hit him twice.

I know not how it appeals to others but to me one of the most pleasing prospects with the most promise of interest and amusement in the next session of the Senate is the position of Charles G. Dawes, our dashing Vice-President, who has been tearing around the country in the hot weather letting the people hear directly what a stupid lot of men they have in the Senate and explaining how he proposes to amend the rules so as to compel them to do business his way and "make it snappy." By this time even Mr. Dawes knows that this much advertised campaign has been a total loss, that the rules will not be amended and that the votes he gets on his proposal will hardly be enough to insure a roll call. But more interesting than the complete failure of Mr. Dawes's efforts to reform the body over which he is to preside is the personal position he has been put in by Mr. Coolidge's open opposition to his ideas and his declaration through the Swampscott correspondents that he considers the Dawes campaign ill-advised, calculated to interfere with the administration program and likely to stir up bad feeling that might endanger Republican success in the next Congress. Better than anything else that has occurred this flat-footed stand of the President shows his attitude toward the Vice-President. It serves notice on him and on everybody else that Mr. Dawes is not in favor with the administration. That will not be news to those on the inside here but the manner in which it has now been broadcast will make it easier for Republican administration Senators to treat Mr. Dawes as they want to treat him. It has been made plain that if they kick him every now and then it will hurt nobody's feelings in the White House. I hate to believe it but I am told that when the morning papers some days ago announced that Mr. Dawes, while fishing, caught himself on the hook and had to drive 17 miles to find a doctor to take it out of his finger, low sardonic chuckles were heard coming out of the White Court library.

One would judge from the frequency with which Mr. Coolidge circulates the statement that he does not think the next Congress should touch or tinker with the tariff and that he believes any effort to do so will result in an unsettling of business conditions, that he is pretty well convinced that such an effort is to be made. If such is his information, I am in a position to say it is correct information. The move will come of course from the Democrats but they will have Republican support. There is no doubt of that. In this place a few weeks ago I mentioned the plans certain western and mid-western Republican members of Congress have to force affirmative action in the interests of the farmer early in the next session. An essential part of these plans is a lowering of the tariff. That there is a strong sentiment in Republican territory west of the Mississippi along these lines has been made too plain to doubt. Reports of it have been taken to Swampscott and the Presidential pronouncements are unquestionably indicative of a desire to prevent the movement against the tariff from gaining headway. I very much doubt whether the low tariff forces will have anything like strength enough to compel a cut but I am quite certain they will have strength enough to compel attention and make an issue.

It is a pity for the prospects of the World Court proposal in the next Senate that Mr. Hughes is not in the Cabinet. The great trouble with the World Court proposal is that its administration advocates lack fire. All the fire and the fury and the force are monopolized by its opponents. What the project needs most is the sort of support that springs from conviction and not merely from

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conventional regard for platform promises inspired by expediency. Mr. Hughes has strong convictions on the subject and has the force to make the sort of fight that ought to be made. Whatever else he lacked, he never lacked convictions nor the courage to fight for them. With Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg—both pledged up to the neck for the proposal—there is an absence of warmth and feeling about their support intensely discouraging to those who regard adherence by this country to the Court as vitally important. At best the Coolidge feeling on the matter can be described as platonic. He is for it but he is not in love with it. Very recently he let Senator Deneen of Illinois go away from White Court after a two days' stay and throw cold water on the Harding-Hughes plan to which the President is pledged. Senator Deneen indicated his belief that it would be necessary to modify it in order to get it through and left the general impression that he was not enamored of the idea.

The more you think of it the more astounding it seems that this World Court protocol endorsed by both parties, sponsored by two Republican Presidents and unquestionably favored by a majority of the people should, through sheer administration inertia, have so long been kicked about without action. It is a fine sample of the sort of thing that can be done by politicians in a country where less than half the qualified voters exercise the right of suffrage and more than half those who do vote do so without information or interest.

T. R. B.

Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE

How Can We Be Paid?

SIR: Your articles and editorials on economic questions are usually worthy of high praise. I was therefore somewhat surprised to see you subscribing so easily to the doctrine more or less current and emphasized by Europeans at the recent meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce that payment of the War and reparations debts might have serious consequences to the ultimate creditor, the United States. (Reference, How Can We Be Paid?, your issue of July 8, page 169.) I know that the arguments used to support this position appear credible—about as credible as most of the arguments put forth in behalf of a high protective tariff.

May I call your attention to the article by Professor Frank D. Graham, of Princeton University, entitled Germany's Capacity to Pay and the Reparation Plan, published in the June issue of the American Economic Review? You will find it, I believe, as effective an antidote to Sir Josiah Stamp's arguments as to Professor Moulton's.

CLARK WARBURTON.

SIR: The editorial in your issue of July 8, entitled How Can We Be Paid? embodies a more naïve and old-fashioned view of the problem of debt payment than is to be expected of the New Republic, and incidentally is quite unfair to Josiah Stamp. The volume on The Inter-Ally Debts and the United States recently published by the National Industrial Conference Board, and the complete report of the Stamp Committee, make it clear that economic opinion among at least some of the business men of the country is not so primitive as you think—and that since the War informed economists have greatly modified their views of the mechanism of international payments. The problem, to be sure, is of extreme complexity and difficulty, and there is great confusion and divergence of thought on it among both economists and business men, but it is doubtful that anyone familiar with the recent developments in the theory of international trade any longer holds that reparations and debt payments are impossible or their difficulties insurmountable, so far as the capacity to *transfer or receive* payments is concerned. Real questions may be raised as to the capacity of the debtors to create an internal surplus for debt payment and as to the desirability, on political or sociological grounds, of forcing them to do so, but it is preposterous at this date to base an argument for cancellation—at least so far as America is concerned—on the view that payment would ruin us. While it is true that, despite the equally naïve and ostrich-like confidence of the "re-investment" enthusiasts, the transfer immediately or ultimately must be accounted for in our imports or exports of goods and services, the old-fashioned export or import surplus theory on which your fears are based fails to take account of the changes in purchasing power which intergovernmental payments imply, and of the differential price changes this involves in the paying and receiving countries.

In your editorial in one or two places you mention the purchasing power factor in a saving clause, but you neglect to give it its due, although it materially alters the analysis. The Stamp report and the Conference Board's study both clearly recognize that the payment of $450,000,000 annually to the United States government and the receipt of $150,000,000 above this by the Allied governments means that much net gain in purchasing power to the taxpayers of these countries which can be utilized to buy either that much more foreign products, services or securities, or that much more domestic products, services or titles to property—while the purchasing power of the taxpayer in Germany for domestic or imported goods, services or securities is by that much reduced. So far as the receiving country as a whole is concerned, it does not much matter whether the increased purchasing power is applied at home or abroad. Since it is a question only of *new* effective demand, this new demand, if applied abroad, leaves American production as a whole where it was before, and if applied at home it diverts to domestic industry the demand that otherwise would come from abroad. Of course the increased purchasing power is not equally distributed, and it may be reflected in a stimulation of certain imports or a retardation of certain exports, which in both cases may create transition difficulties in special industries. But such shifts in the distribution and application of purchasing power and consequent shifting of labor and capital are going on all the time to an extent as great as, if not greater than, is involved in debt payments, and with no more serious consequences. The magnitude of the effects depends upon whether the government makes the payments immediately effective in general tax reduction or defers or concentrates the effect by using them to retire the public debt. It depends upon the tariff policy, upon the normal growth of our population and trade over the period of payment, and upon the suddenness with which payments are begun and stopped. Even more depends upon the extent to which the purchasing power is "frozen" in foreign securities, rather than directly applied to the stimulation of foreign trade. It is here that the security transfer enthusiasts are deluding themselves and the business interests of the country in deprecating the import-surplus anxiety, for the stimulation of foreign production without any proportionate increase of purchasing power may tend to make real the danger which they consider imaginary. The debtor countries need our increased purchasing power at home or the purchasing power of our foreign markets more than they need our capital. And for our present industrial capacity we need an increased dom stic purchasing power far more than we need foreign securities. But despite these qualifications, for the country as a whole and in the long run (the two or three generations covered by the funding agreements is a long run today) it is not likely that the debt payments, however arranged, will make more than a ripple here and there in our economic life, and even those ripples may be breasted with a little common sense and good will. As for the problems involved for the single debtor—Germany—and for our political relations to Europe, these are ripples that demand a different kind of seamanship, and the justifiable emphasis which the New Republic puts upon them would be much stronger if it were to admit freely what is the truth—that the United States has no large *economic* stake in the debt settlement.

VIRGIL JORDAN,
Chief Economist National Industrial Conference Board, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

[Discussion of some of the points raised in this letter appears in the article Will the Farmers Pay? in this issue.—THE EDITORS.]

The Conduct of the Scopes Trial

SIR: Your editorial of July 29—The Baiting of Judge Raulston—expresses the ex post facto consistency of those whose sensibilities already at the outset anticipated shock from the exhibition of Mr. Darrow's suspenders. A preliminary advocate of galluses can claim over such no advantage of impartiality or detachment. But he may respectfully ask for an approximately parallel column in

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which to express the consistency of his own ex post facto reactions.

And he may build his case upon some of the same premises which you adduce for contrary conclusions. It is of course true, as you say, that "the absolute fundamentalist point of view is deeply rooted in American culture"; also that "the real culprits are the legislature and people of Tennessee and the educational agencies which are responsible for their ideas." The question is whether the trial was well handled so as to dent fundamentalism and contribute to education.

I agree with you that it is usually better to fight on ground of your own choosing than on that chosen by your adversary. The alternative, however, to meeting your adversary on his own terrain is sometimes not meeting him at all. In its own ranges the free mind and liberal spirit could dramatize no impressive case against bigotry. Where, indeed, could it do so except in bigotry's own country? And how there, better than by offering itself as nominal defendant against a criminal indictment?

Having so offered itself, it must take the form of the legal issues as it found them. Grant, for the purposes of the moment, that state legislatures ought as you say to have power to decide what should and what should not be taught in public schools unhampered by judicial constitutional constructions, and that that is the main constitutional point involved. How, in the concrete case of John Thomas Scopes, could Scopes's lawyers, whoever they might be, make a case except by asserting that the statute is unconstitutional? Certainly you would not have them dispute the facts as to what Mr. Scopes taught. You are right in feeling that it is more important to convince the people of Tennessee that the statute should be repealed than to convince the courts that it is unconstitutional. But have you in mind a better method of addressing the people of Tennessee than by defending a criminal indictment? Given that method, no lawyer could directly, as part of his case, make the point that the statute ought to be repealed. He might be as much interested in raising implications to that effect as in the technical legal issues, mainly of constitutionality. But his opportunity to raise such implications is conditioned upon his seeming, at any rate, to concern himself with legal issues.

Perhaps the quips, shirt sleeves and personalities of the defense were ineffectual, and the business of conveying to a populace implications of the unwisdom of a bigoted statute could best have been conducted in the solemn key of tragedy. But I doubt it. It was not a case of life and death. The immediate stake of the trial was not twenty years in prison but a petty fine. There was in the surrounding air a happy absence of the blood-lust and malign passion which have colored prosecutions inspired by political and legal fundamentalism. Rooted in American culture as fundamentalism may be, it has come about that the roots of religious fundamentalism are neither so deep nor so widespread as those of their political brethren. The Scopes case disclosed no important rustling of the lynching spirit among their top-growths and suckers. The pressure to conformity upon the shallow-rooted casuals who constitute the majority of all populations was relatively not great. Though there was undoubtedly a considerable attraction of members of the nation-wide audience to the blinding partisanship of protagonists, there were also widespread awakenings of the sort of interest which tends rather to open than to close the mind.

The extent of such awakenings is, I think, the measure of the success of the trial. Opinion of the methods of counsel should depend upon whether such awakenings were more, or less, than would have responded to other methods.

That, of course, is itself a matter of opinion; and no opinion can fairly claim for itself controlling authority. Excursions into evolutionary exposition, the "baiting" of the judge and prosecutors, the exhibition of fundamentalist density, may seem by the standards of an editorial round table wanting in taste and relevance. But the reactions of initially less convinced, but politically at least equally potent, commentators at drug stores and ordinary dinner tables may be quite different. I confess to a preconceived notion that the case should be tried rather for the latter jury than for the former. Such popular reactions as I have managed to catch leave with me the feeling that it has been, for that jury, extraordinarily well tried. And I do not find among your editorial strictures any statement or suggestion of how the trial could have been better adapted to what you agree should have been its object—"to bring home to the citizens of Tennessee their responsibility for a deplorable abuse of . . . legal authority."

WALTER NELLES.

[Discussion of this subject is contained in the leading article of this issue.—THE EDITORS.]

A Dandy Day

WELL, I guess we are going to stay in Oakwood this winter, after all. I thought maybe I was going to Elizabeth to Aunt May's but I guess we'll stay here. Because Mother and Dad were talking about it yesterday when we went down to Asbury Park. We were down at Asbury Park all day yesterday and didn't we have fun, though!—oh, boy! I rode all the way there on the running-board, sitting down on it with my feet stretched out—because Mr. and Mrs. Fox and Vreeland Fox all went with us and I made Mother let me ride on the running-board. I had my knickers on—everybody thinks I look real cute in knickers. I smiled at all the motor-cycle cops and they would smile back. Dad didn't come back from Elizabeth until just as it was time to start and Mother had already brought the car around and Mr. and Mrs. Fox and Vreeland were all in, so that I didn't know until later what Aunt May had said. I wanted to ask Dad but Mother made me stop and they didn't talk about it until after the Foxes had gone. Mother doesn't want the Foxes to know much about our affairs, because Mrs. Fox is such an awful cat. Mrs. Fox is such a cat that if you were to find fifteen cents in the street and go and buy an ice cream soda with it and Mrs. Fox should hear about it, she would come right around and say, "Why, you poor child, that soda has ruined your complexion!" I made that up myself: Mother and Dad think it's cute. Mr. Fox is a nice man but he has been living with Mrs. Fox so long that he has gotten to be a little bit that way, too—Vreeland Fox is an awful pill. But they live right next door to us so we have to be nice to them.

So Mother and Dad didn't talk about next winter while the Foxes were with us. But Mrs. Fox said to Mother, "I understand that you are going back on the stage again," and Mother said she didn't know and Mrs. Fox said that it was too bad she had to work and that was just cattiness because Mother doesn't have to work, she likes to be on the stage and that's the reason she wanted to do it. And then she said that it was too bad that Dad had to go on the road—Dad was going to go travelling for his firm all over the West and everywhere and that would have been a fine thing. And then she said, "What's going to become of poor little Betty?" And that's just the way she's catty all the time. Mrs. Fox is jealous of Mother. Mother is awfully pretty—and I look a lot like her, everybody thinks. Mother and I both had bobs yesterday before we went. Mother had a French bob and I had a Diella. There are sixteen different kinds of a bob, but there are some of them like the King Tut that I'm not old enough to have yet and there are some that are just for young kids.

When we got down to Asbury we all went in bathing. I've got a red bathing-suit with an orange cap—Mother has got a turquoise-colored suit. I asked Mrs. Fox if she didn't think Mother's suit was pretty and she said she was old-fashioned, that she liked dark suits. She just has a black suit with a skirt and she wears stockings and everything. Vreeland Fox is just a shout in a bathing-suit—he looks just like Lester de Pester in the funny papers. I said to him, "You look just like Lester de Pester!" They have men at the ocean that are just there to save people's lives—they are awfully strong. And they have their arms and legs all bright orange because they are out in the sun and get sunburned all day. Gee, I'd like to be sunburned like that! They are awfully nice men. I smiled at one

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of them and said, "Would you save me if I went out and was drowning?" and he said, "Why, you don't want to drown—you can swim just like a little seal!" I am a pretty good swimmer but I can't dive and I wished I could learn to dive but there aren't any diving-boards at the ocean. I saw this picture with Priscilla Dean in where they take this young man up to the top of a big high lighthouse and they throw him into the water and Priscilla Dean is in love with him and she comes up to stop them but she is too late and they have already thrown him. And so she just dives right off from the top of this lighthouse and she dives way down to the bottom of the ocean and the young man has sunk because he is tied and can't swim and she finds him and brings him up and saves his life. And the man that had them throw him gets killed. Gee, I'd like to be able to dive way down to the bottom like that! The ocean was dandy—it was just as smooth!—and some people thought it was cold, but I don't mind it cold.

The Foxes brought their lunch along with them and they went to meet some friends and so we had lunch all by ourselves. And as soon as the Foxes were gone Mother asked Dad what Aunt May had said and Dad said, "She thinks she can't have her because she says that Mother is failing so that it is all she can do to look after her and that a child in the house would be too much." Grandma is failing and it's awfully funny, she can't remember things any more, she can't remember even if she only just did something a little while before. Last time I was there she told me to go up and shut the windows one day because it was raining and I went up and shut them and then when I came down Grandma was asleep and then she woke up after while and said, "Go upstairs, my dear, and shut the windows," and I said, "Why, Grandma, I shut the windows just a little while ago!" and she said, "No, my dear: the windows are open and it's begun to rain—run upstairs and shut them or it will rain in on the lowboy." And I said, "Why, no, Grandma! don't you remember? you asked me to only just a few minutes ago and the windows are all shut!" But she couldn't remember it at all! It's because she's getting old. I don't like living with Grandma and Aunt May much, so I'm glad I'm not going to have to this winter. But Mother and Dad were disappointed—I guess Mother was sore—because she said, "Well, it's too bad about her with that great big house!" and that it was just a stall about Grandma because Grandma liked to have me there and that I would brighten things up for them. Mother and Aunt May don't like each other very well. They talked about other places they could send me but they couldn't think of anywhere, because Mother hasn't got any relations and Father doesn't want me to go and live at Uncle Harry's because he doesn't like the way Uncle Harry and Aunt Bess live and wouldn't want to have me get like Uncle Harry's children. We had a dandy lunch—we had a shore dinner for lunch—that's a dinner with clam chowder and lobster and everything is something that they catch in the ocean. You can see where they catch the lobsters right out from where you go in bathing—they put the traps for the lobsters down in the water and the lobsters go into them but they are fixed so that they can't get out. And then they take them out and cook them alive and the lobsters turn bright red. Gee, I'd hate to be cooked alive like that, wouldn't you?

After lunch, we went and shot at the shooting-gallery. I shot two ducks that are moving all the time so that they are hard to shoot and I shot the ball that is kept up in the air by this little fountain. The man in the shooting-gallery said that that was the hardest thing to hit and that I was a good shot. And I shot five clay pipes, too, but they are easy. Dad only shot clay pipes—he didn't even try to shoot the ducks and the other things that are moving. But I like to try for things that are hard. Mother wouldn't shoot at all. But I didn't get the brass ring on the merry-go-round. I almost did but the man who was just in front of me got it. Mother and Dad just rode in a chariot. But I don't think it is any fun to ride in a chariot. I rode on a black horse that goes up and down. Dad wouldn't let me ride on the roller-coaster because he said it was dangerous but I wouldn't be afraid and I am going to ride on it some day! But the Old Mill's pretty exciting, too! That's where you go in this big dark tunnel—you go in a boat and the boat sails along all by itself—and it's just pitchy dark. And then all of a sudden you see a great big frog that winks its eyes—it has eyes that shine. But it isn't real—it's just a fake and the eyes are made with electric lights. And then you come to a cute little church and you can hear the church bells. Dad gave Mother some whisky that he had brought along in a little bottle while we were in the dark part. I wanted to taste it because they let me drink some sherry once but they wouldn't let me. I guess they didn't like it very well themselves because Mother said that if Dad couldn't get anything better than that he might just as well not get any. Dad said, "Gee, now I know what the Indians meant when they talked about fire-water!" and he said to me, "Why, if you were to drink any of that, your toes would drop right off!" And Mother said, "Toes drop off! You'd drop dead!" Mother was still sore. Dad said that things reminded him that day of when they had gone to Florida together but Mother said they didn't remind her of that.

But I guess Mother has decided to stay here this winter, and I am glad because I have only just gotten to know you and I think it's a shame just to get to know a person and then to go away. I don't like most of the Oakwood boys so well because I like a boy to be a good sport and there's too many things they're afraid to do. On the way back Mother said to Dad, "Well, I suppose that means I spend the winter in Oakwood all alone with Betty!" And Dad said no, that if she could get a job she could go just the same and that he would stay here with me. But Dad doesn't really want Mother to go while he stays home because he gets awfully lonely alone. "Why, you couldn't look after Betty!" Mother said. "I don't need to be looked after," I said. And Mother said to Dad that he would get so low, just like he always does, that he would just collapse—she said, "After you'd had the Foxes on your neck a couple of months without me to fight them off for you, you'd just take out the old revolver some night and end it all. But," she said, "you must go anyway and I will try to bear up." "No," Dad said, "I wouldn't go and leave you alone like that. I'll tell them tomorrow that I can't go because it's got to be decided this week. I am not so keen on travelling anyway." And so that's why I think that we will stay here. I made Dad let me drive the car on the way home—I can steer it just as good as he can. I was going fine along Ocean Boulevard and I was going to pass this other car that had been ahead of us almost all the way from Asbury—I said, "Come on, Dad, now: we've got to pass that little Chevrolet!" But he took the wheel away from me, because he said that I made him nervous. But we had a dandy day!

EDMUND WILSON.

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A Sex Duel

Lysistrata or Woman's Future and Future Woman, by Anthony M. Ludovici. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 110 pages. $1.

Hypatia or Woman and Knowledge, by Dora Russell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 81 pages. $1.

SOME fifteen years ago Max Reinhardt produced Maurice Donnay's version of the excellent comedy of Aristophanes, in which the Athenian women under the lead of Lysistrata seize the Acropolis and barricade themselves there, denying themselves to the males until the latter shall put a stop to the criminal folly of the Peloponnesian War, and the inevitable ruin of Greece. A parallel course of conduct was often suggested during the World War, but with no practical result. Quite the contrary, for far from denying intercourse to the warrior, never in the history of modern morality did woman give herself so generously. And when she entered the Acropolis it was merely to claim a part in running the establishment, and secure the recognition of that claim as a measure for winning the War. Mr. Ludovici does not want her there. Her presence offends him so that he looks at all human life with a jaundiced eye. The Athenian men were good for something. They honeycombed the resistance of Lysistrata's cohorts by the seduction of their virile charm. The modern men are good for nothing. They tamely submit to the presence of the female where she has no business to be, because they have not the physical vigor to satisfy her in her own proper sphere. The only salvation is in the reassertion of "bodily values" which are the source of will power, and the release of man's intelligence "sufficient to overshadow any female brain that is placed alongside of him" [man]. "Nothing else can save the world and nothing else can put woman back in her place—which is only another way of saving the world." This masculine Renaissance will among other things do away with democracy, and "remodel the national life without having recourse to the discredited and preposterous vote," by which we infer that Mr. Ludovici means Mussolini.

According to Mr. Ludovici's diagnosis the human race is suffering from the neglect of physical values which makes necessary an extra-corporeal equipment to make good losses and lapses in our bodily efficiency. We see through glass eyes; we eat with false teeth; we are brought into the world with forceps and nourished on the bottle; we secure the action of our digestive organs and bowels by drugs; we all but lack energy to reproduce ourselves. This false scheme of values, aggravated by technical incompetence in matters of sex inherited from Puritanism, puts the male increasingly at a disadvantage until he has nothing to bargain with. In this undervaluing of the body the modern woman has a more immediate interest than man, through seeking to escape from pregnancy, childbirth and lactation. Under feminist leaders she has developed this tendency into a sex war in which having driven man out of her territory she is invading the enemy's country. She will press her false scheme of values until the ruin of the natural man is complete except in the case of the athlete and soldier. But this type is even less able than a decrepit intelligentsia to cope with or satisfy the rampant female, who will then assume complete control. "Men will cease to be employers altogether, and become the poorest-paid workers in an industry run entirely by women." They will cease to be of use as soldiers, since wars will be fought with apparatus as easily manipulated as typewriters. They will be disfranchised. They will be kept in their place by laws made by the Parliament of women which will raise the age of consent to forty-five, and make it illegal to procreate a child naturally. Men will be kept only for fertilization, and very few for that. Conception will take place in the laboratory, and gestation in the incubator. And only then, seeing the ruin they have wrought, women will cry: "Almighty God mercifully spared the bees our consciousness."

The indictment which Mr. Ludovici draws against modern society is fairly comprehensive—medical science pandering to false values, Puritanism, democracy, industrialism, and in the general sickness of the body politic, feminism like a cancer, spreading insurrection among the cells. It is true that the indictment has been drawn before. Ever since civilization domesticated love, sex has been a conscious preoccupation, liable to an abuse which is regularly laid at the door of woman. Roman satirists, Christian fathers, modern degenerates agree in this. Mr. Ludovici's chief count against her is her refusal to suckle her young; but this is not a new crime. John Lily and the moralists of the spacious Elizabethan days made much of it. And for woman's tendency to interfere in politics we have a reprobation more eloquent than Mr. Ludovici's in John Knox's Monstrous Regiment of Women. There are a good many fallacies in Mr. Ludovici's chain of syllogisms but the underlying one is common to him and his predecessors—an induction based on too narrow grounds. As Mrs. Russell points out "he has based his thesis and his strictures on observations that do not go beyond the bounds of upper- and middle-class people, barely run beyond the bounds of of the night club or the suburban dance-hall." The most serious view that can be taken of Mr. Ludovici's evidence emphasizes the tendency of the human race to die at the top—a tragic situation, in its continuation fatal to progress, but one which can be dealt with so long as the broad base of human life remains solid. And the pyramid of humanity remains intact despite the crumbling of its apex. Add to Mr. Ludovici's upper class, corroded by feminism, the great mass of men and women dwarfed and stunted by industry, and there still remain the peasantry; and grant the deterioration of the whole white race there are the yellows, browns and blacks whose fecundity is undiminished. Long before the state of anemia, which Mr. Ludovici pictures as the future of white, industrial, democratic, feminized society, is reached, that society will have been wiped out by the sturdier peoples of the Orient. But Mr. Ludovici also overlooks a possibility nearer home. The Russian communist revolution would seem to embody all the element which Mr. Ludovici demands for his happy state. It has escaped Puritanism and democracy, limited industrialism killed (according to certain authorities) more doctors than there ever were in the country, achieved a large measure of sexual freedom. We advise Mr. Ludovici to ignore President Coolidge's advice to "Watch Massachusetts," and Watch Russia.

Mrs. Russell opposes a cool and grave front, worthy of the Alexandrian philosopher herself, to Mr. Ludovici's heat and dust. To his general attribution of all the evils of society to the feminists, she replies calmly that these were what history and tradition made them. Their emphasis upon chastity went back to St. Paul and was due to the strategical principle of not fighting on several fronts at once. They dared not cry out that women had bodies, when their "one hope of success was to prove that women had minds." And she comforts Mr. Ludovici with the

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reflection that if the feminists possess the anti-sexual prejudices which he attributes to them they will fail to reproduce their type, and die out. She finds that the root of sexual maladjustment is economic rather than physiological. "The competition of women in industry and the professions is a competition of population pressure rather than of sex." The causes of deterioration in the race are likewise economic. "Poor food and over-crowding are the ladder down which we go to mental deficiency and ultimate complete feebleness of mind." That these conditions can be improved, that the environment can be altered, if we care as much about the future of the race as Mr. Ludovici does, is obvious. For one thing, "the best food would by law go to pregnant and nursing mothers instead of as at present, to clubs for fat old gentlemen and the frequenters of palatial hotels."

Both authors agree in their view of sex as the most important factor in making life worth living, and unite in demanding its freedom from the present system of legal restraints and moral taboos. Mr. Ludovici would echo Mrs. Russell's brisk assertion that the effort "to persuade women that their part in sex is pregnancy and childbirth and not momentary delight" is like telling a man that "his part is the hunting and skinning of animals for food and clothing." Mr. Ludovici sees in the usual preponderance of females in the community a sound argument for concubinage, "open, tolerated, recognized, and fruitful, just as it has been in the best civilizations of the past." Mrs. Russell sees a freer sex life already existing among the younger feminists with whom Mr. Ludovici seems not to be acquainted. She resents the limitation of concubinage to a matter of mathematical adjustment with the implication of plurality of wives only. "It would not be wrong for a man to have six wives, provided he and they all found mutual happiness in that arrangement; nor for a woman to have six husbands and a child by each, if she and they found such a life satisfactory." Finally she suggests a practical measure, worthy of Lysistrata herself, by which the young Aspatias of the feminist movement can join with Mr. Ludovici in bringing about the rejuvenation of society. This is "a trade union of lovers to conquer the world, and cry aloud that feminism is nowhere so much needed as in the home." This is precisely where Mr. Ludovici wants to find it.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Five Frenchmen

The Diaboliques, by Barbey d'Aurevilly. Translated by Ernest Boyd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Lazarus, by Henri Béraud. Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

Monsieur Ripois and Nemesis, by Louis Hémon. Translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

Lucienne, by Jules Romains. Translated by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Thomas the Imposter, by Jean Cocteau. Translated, with an introduction, by Lewis Galantière. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.75.

CLASSIFICATION, which was so strong an impulse with so many French novelists, has also great temptations for anyone who undertakes to write about them. This one was a naturalist, another a realist, a third a romantic, a fourth a unanimist—so they thought of themselves, and it is hard not to think of them in the same neat terms, and to find for each his pigeon-hole where the necessity for further thought may be laid at rest. To our superficial, disorderly view, the excellence of any individual writer might seem to depend somewhat on his ability to resist any label, but there would be not a few intelligent Frenchmen to rise and point to the shelves of their own literature, where works of art repose in boxes and categories, under heads and sub-heads, in careful piles that tell of influences, movements, schools, revolts and methods. A literature none the worse for this passion for sorting it out—perhaps even better off on account of it. The French novelist, good or bad, is as a craftsman usually superior to his colleagues in other countries. Perhaps some critic has fastened a label on him; perhaps he has chosen one for himself—at any rate he seems to have a certain amount of hard sense about choosing the limits within which he is to work, and then doing, well within those often narrow limits, the best possible job. Compared with many of our own gropings, discoveries, raw anxieties, their performance, though often intrinsically less interesting, commands the respect due to discipline, self-conscious effort, and the minor virtuosities. By dint of much whittling, fitting, and a clear view of the final goal, secure craftsmanship can make a very little creativeness go a long way.

We often ask ourselves, after reading one of our own novels, What's it all about? In the case of the French, the question, asked much earlier in the game, is What is he trying to do? and it usually answers itself clearly and satisfactorily before the book is over. Barbey d'Aurevilly, who does not fit into any of the boxes on the shelf, was trying to do too much. He was an exotic, a purple and slightly withered hothouse flower. He dealt in exquisites and in horror; his stories are tours-de-force in the unusual, the cruel, the terrible and strange made less terrible and strange by a luxurious insistence upon these qualities. At first one is fascinated by his malevolent splendors, then a little wearied, and finally somewhat sickened. The detail born in some brilliant, scented, orientally upholstered bedchamber of the mind, is often convincing, but the whole strikes one as counterfeit. The bubbles of imagined horror shine, swell iridescently for a moment, take on unearthly tints, and then burst suddenly, leaving the vacuum of disappointment. A rich talent, somehow deflected, self-hypnotized, lost in alluring but barren imaginings.

Skipping several decades, we find in M. Béraud's Lazarus another tour-de-force in mystery and horror. Where d'Aurevilly lost effect through excess, M. Béraud loses through conscientious severity and narrowness. A man, haunted by the death of his wife, tries to lose himself, his own personality, and is finally confronted by the person he was trying to lose. This is a difficult situation for any writer who is not horrified by his own imagination. M. Béraud does not seem to have been sufficiently under his own spell, for his effect is built up by little pieces, piece after piece, each one faithful, vivid, and all of them together labored, uninspired. The story progresses with the inexorable pace of a moving platform which receives, at exact intervals, another small load of incident or detail. One expects a sudden rush, a gathering of speed and madness toward the crucial point where all these preparatory minutiæ will go up in a vast flare of justification. But the platform moves on evenly to the very end. Craftsmanship, while it may turn out the most admirable little chairs and walls and clocks and ticks for the clocks, cannot, unaided by something greater, furnish a room with atmosphere.

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Louis Hémon's detail is quite as accurate as M. Béraud's, but there is something running underneath the circumstantial pages which gives life to the whole. But it is a very different kind of life from that which animated Maria Chapdelaine. Here is no simple, triumphant sadness, none of that severe grace which was marching, though we did not know it, toward a great illumination at the end, with Maria Chapdelaine's dozen words, which were the last and also, it seemed, the only words she spoke throughout the book. Besides lacking that final illumination, Monsieur Ripois and Nemesis is in a very different key. A lonely, vain, mediocre little Frenchman, and his casual loves in an alien city. A story not quite sordid, not exactly acid, but bitterly naked. It is difficult to see where Hémon's sympathy lay, so thoroughly is Monsieur Ripois's smallness and cold selfishness laid bare. He is at every instant on the dissecting table; nothing is left of him but a mean carcass and a two-cylinder soul, yet one feels profoundly sorry for him, or if not exactly sorry for him, then saddened by the merciless claws which held him. While not in a class with Maria Chapdelaine, Monsieur Ripois and Nemesis is, in its special way, a masterly piece of writing, an able product of imaginative realism, in which both the imagination and the realism are calculated, harsh, cold, but the sum of them somehow memorably warm.

Jules Romains is one of the most interesting of French writers now alive. He is only occasionally interesting as reading matter pure and simple, but he is always interesting for what he is trying to do, for the theories and methods which too frequently show their heads in the middle of his books. La Mort de Quelqu'un seemed a startling experiment when it first appeared; now the laboratory touch is painfully evident. Of his two servants, method and imagination, method is by far the best developed, and the consciousness of it invades and weakens the imagination. M. Romains is nearly always over-explicit; if he is trying to give you a collective feeling about a certain event, and the subtle reverberations of that event in many minds, he never forgets the goal and its method. Lucienne, which is not equal to his best work, suffers from this old habit.. In this case it is more difficult than usual to tell what he is driving at, or why he tells the story from so many angles, but he evidently has something on his mind beyond the story itself. He puts the telling of it into the mouth of one of his characters, who thereby loses most of her individuality and grows into a disguised Jules Romains, endlessly chewing the cud of detail and conjecture, worrying simplicities into tasteless complexities. And many of the other characters share this cud-chewing and absorption, to such a point that their personalities and motives are spread fearfully thin upon too many pages. Rarely indeed does the whole book attain the level of a few passages, the description of the food, the crossing of the tracks at night. Solidities come into sight only to be shredded and dispersed under the steady fire of questioning re-examination. We all know, in real life, the kind of person whose passionate absorption in the intricacies of what he is telling us prevents him from guessing our lack of interest and remedying it; and Jules Romains is not unlike him.

Jean Cocteau, if he has a method—and about the method of no present Frenchman has more been written—manages to conceal it in Thomas the Imposter. M. Cocteau is a Dadaist; he has revolted, with others, against the bonds of too much meaning, and sees a profounder significance in the absurd. Thomas the Imposter doesn't mean anything in particular; it is not easy to see just why it was written, unless to amuse the author, which is as good a reason for writing anything as exists. Yet if it doesn't mean very much, neither is it out-and-out absurdity, but keeps somewhere in the unexplored tract between the improbable and the impossible. To tell what was the plot of the book would immediately do it the violence of trying to make sense out of capricious, mildly amusing nonsense. If M. Cocteau is, quite as much as anything else, merely amusing himself, he is amusing the most conscious part of himself. The nonsense does not ring true. It sounds fabricated: it does not flow from deep incomprehensible sources like Ring Lardner's and Edward Lear's, but from somewhere much nearer the top of the mind.

The top of the mind—that is where the French differ from us most obviously. They are better craftsmen, they are surer of what they are trying to do, and more likely to achieve it, but the lower levels, absurd, rich and mysterious, are more inaccessible to them. After all it is a question of choice—whether one prefers the top of the mind, clear and dexterous, or the bottom of the heart, all mud and gold and nonsense.

JOHN EVERSHARP.

The Fifteenth Century

Prejudice and Promise in Fifteenth-Century England, by C. L. Kingsford. New York: Oxford University Press. 216 pages. $5.

THE fifteenth century has for long been the Cinderella of the centuries, waiting in vain for some historian to fit the glass slipper of interpretation upon her foot, and proclaim her a fair lady beneath her drab and kitchen garb. For, as far as English history in concerned, it is impossible to deny the drabness of the age. The one really first-rate piece of literature which it can show, Malory's Morte d'Arthur, is the swan-song of a chivalry which died in the century before; and in spite of Henry V, it hardly seems to belong to its own period. Our knowledge of the private life of the period is mostly derived from the letters of a rather unpleasant Norfolk family, our knowledge of its politics from the sordid struggles of the Wars of the Roses and the lack of governance of the Lancastrian age. The development of English industry and trade, and the rise of the middle classes, which might convert it into an epic, if only a fustian epic, have yet to be written. We think of it as a sort of marking time between the age of Chaucer and the age of Shakespeare, the old chivalry of the Black Prince and the new chivalry of Sir Philip Sidney. Everyone from Shakespeare to Stubbs has given it a bad name, and it has been left hanging, without so much as a post-mortem, for generations.

But there are already symptoms of a change. The books of Wylie and Miss Scofield were among them, and they are above all manifest in the patient investigations of Mr. Kingsford among the great mass of documents, often unpublished and still more often unstudied, which has come down to us from this despised epoch. Now, in the Ford Lectures for 1923, Mr. Kingsford sets forth a thesis about the century which is indubitably true, and proceeds to illustrate it with a group of those scholarly and well-documented studies which we have come to expect from his pen. "I had always before me," he says in his preface, "two main ideas: the one, that the truth about fifteenth-century England had been distorted through the prejudice of chroniclers and Tudor historians; the other, that the truth could only

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be discovered by the study from different sources of the fifteenth century as the seed-time of the future." In an introductory lecture on fifteenth-century history in Shakespeare's plays, Mr. Kingsford deals with the prejudice generally, and in a concluding lecture on the policy and fall of Suffolk, he takes a conspicuous instance of the prejudice and rehabilitates a much-maligned statesman. His other four lectures, in his own words, "serve jointly to illustrate the promise of the age as shown in the intellectual ferment, social growth, the spirit of adventure and commercial enterprise." They deal respectively with English letters and the intellectual ferment, social life and the Wars of the Roses, West Country piracy ("the school of English seamen"), and London in the fifteenth century. They are very largely based upon unprinted sources, and Mr. Kingsford makes particularly good use of one class of documents in the Public Record Office, the Early Chancery Proceedings, which most students who have worked on this period know to be an almost inexhaustible mine of good things, but which has nevertheless been somewhat neglected by social and economic historians, with the exception of Miss Abram and Mr. Salzman.

These detailed studies afford ample justification for Mr. Kingsford's assertion of the importance of the fifteenth century as the seed-time of the future. The intellectual harvest of the Elizabethan age was sown then. It is true that it can show no great individual achievement, save that of Malory, to set beside the achievement of Shakespeare. But to what did Shakespeare owe his achievement? Not merely to his own immortal genius, but to the rapport which existed in his day between lips that spoke and ears that heard. The great dramatist can arise only in an age when the ears of the groundlings can be tickled by all his subtleties, his plays upon words, his bawdy jokes, his cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces of eloquence, because there is between them a language familiarly known of all. What the sixteenth century had shaken off may be estimated by a glance at any fourteenth-century collection of wills, written in a mingled jargon of Latin, French, and English suggestive of nothing so much as of Mr. Pepys recording a peccadillo. The sixteenth century had a mother tongue, familiar to the men of the day as the blood in their veins, and that familiarity, the one essential basis of the drama, was in the main the work of the fifteenth century. Mr. Kingsford shows how during those hundred years English came slowly and surely to be the common medium of written, as it already was of spoken, intercourse, and the pages which he devotes to some of the private letters of the time are among the most interesting in his book, for the art of English letter-writing was born in the fifteenth century. Even the narrower revival of learning was foreshadowed in the marked and steady advance of education throughout the period; Eton was only one out of many schools which were then founded, and there is ample reason for believing that most men and women, above the rank of laborers, could read and write.

Again, the harvest of maritime adventure, which is commonly connected with Elizabeth's sea-dogs, also had its seed-time in the fifteenth century. A great deal of the patriotism of the later age (as of our own day, for that matter) was sublimated piracy; and in the fifteenth century the sea-dogs may be studied when the sublimation was incomplete. Mr. Kingsford has a fascinating chapter on the Cornish and Devon pirates, ranging from Harry Hay, of Poole, a pirate-patriot who alternately kept the seas for the King and plundered French and Spanish traders, to mere freebooters like John Mixtow, of Fowey, and William Kyd, of Exmouth. The Hawleys, of Dartmouth, were among the most prosperous merchants of the day, but they thought nothing of adding to their gains by excursions into piracy, while as for the Cornish squires and gentlemen, Tregarthens, Treffrys, Pennarths, Trenwiths, Trevelyans, Bodulgates, Penpons, and the rest, they by turns practiced piracy on their own account and sat solemnly on commissions to investigate the piracy of others, with the greatest sang froid. Of course, it was an intolerable nuisance to the mass of regular traders, and was one of the reasons why the Lancastrian cause foundered in the West Country; but for all that, Drake, sailing out of Plymouth Hoe to singe the King of Spain's beard, was the lineal descendant of Harry Hay, sailing out of Poole Harbour to sack Gijon in Asturias and carry off the crucifix from the calvary on Cape Finisterre. Nor were all merchants pirates; and perhaps the most solidly constructive pages in Mr. Kingsford's book are those in which he illustrates the growing prosperity of the mercantile and industrial middle class, which was to reach its culmination in the new economic world of the sixteenth century.

Progress is not necessarily spectacular, and there is no breach of continuity in history. There is only the appearance of such a breach when historians, seduced by the picturesque (a lady of ample charms and easy virtue), turn aside from a century whose face is homely and whose garments do not glitter with tinsel, made as they are of English cloth. The real significance of the fifteenth century is only just beginning to emerge, and by this and his other books Mr. Kingsford has done more than any other historian to lift it from the disrepute into which it has fallen.

EILEEN POWER.

Verbal Inspiration

The Making of the English New Testament, by Edgar J. Goodspeed. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 129 pages. $1.50.

DR. GOODSPEED'S volume appears, with due emphasis placed, upon the four-hundredth anniversary of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament; yet other emphasis may easily be perceived, and one feels, without undue effort, that Dr. Goodspeed has less in mind the year 1525, the date of Tyndale's translation, than the year 1923, the date of his own. The present volume is really an apologia. Dr. Goodspeed's version has been criticized, and this is his defense. All translations of the Bible have been criticized and opposed, and our author loses no time in pointing out that the antipathy to new versions of Holy Writ is no novelty, but was the attitude adopted by conservatives as early as the fourth century. An historical resumé, carried through the ages, shows clearly the contest between two contrasting types of mind and of nature: the type that prefers to linger within the penumbra of the accustomed and the consecrated, and the type that feels most at home in the clear, if garish, light of its own day and generation. Dr. Goodspeed is of the latter type and gives his reasons. We live, he reminds us, in the day of the telephone, motor car, and radio.

His chief stress is laid on the recent discoveries of Greek papyri in Egypt. These prove the New Testament to have been written in the vernacular Greek of its time. It was

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indisputably done in the language of everyday life, for the lowly and uneducated who were, in chief, Christianity's first converts. What, then, was the rule in one age, may well be—even ought to be—the rule in another. Hallowed associations must go by the board; we live best in the clear sunlight of our own day. Those who do not read demotic Greek yet do read current French may perhaps get an adequate impression here by scanning the French New Testament. They will find it, in comparison with our own familiar text, prosaic, unshaded, rather arid; and they will admit, without argument, that French is indeed the prose language par excellence.

Twenty-five revisions or new translations of the New Testament have appeared within the last twenty-five years. If Doctor Goodspeed and Professor Moffatt and all the rest are so much concerned about up-to-date renditions for today, what may be the requirements and demands of advancing democracy within twenty-five years more? The familiar and the informal constantly gain upon our speech. A brisk business man giving a "snappy" talk before a Y. M. C. A. assemblage, may make Christ, with acceptance, address His disciples as "you fellows." Do we find foreshadowed here the desires and tastes that may have to be met before 1950? HENRY B. FULLER.

The Gael's Treasure-trove

The Golden Treasury of Irish Verse. Selected and arranged by Lennox Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE editor of this new anthology of Irish verse, Mr. Lennox Robinson, tells his readers in the Foreword that he has collected here what seemed to him to be "some of our most beautiful Irish poems," including many which have been rendered into English from the original Gælic, and further, that he has "included no poem merely because its patriotic sentiments have made it popular." The result is a book of lyrics alive with melody, and abounding in the imaginative patterns as well as in the mystic ardor for which Celtic poetry is renowned. The fact that the inclusions are not chronologically arranged, nor yet pedantically fenced off by subject matter, serves to heighten the charm of the book. It is delightful to come upon a delicate lyric by James Joyce, "Bid adieu, adieu, adieu," between a slight piece of Congreve's and one of Francis Ledwidge's tuneful and fragrant tributes to the fair season. One feels the fierce strength of the dream of Irish nationalism when in paging this volume one finds a tragic octave (I Am Ireland) translated by Lady Gregory from the Irish of Padraic Pearse, who died in the Easter rising of 1916, set between a musical lament by Dora Sigerson Shorter and a bitter song translated by James Stephens from the Irish of that long since perished bard, Egan O'Rahilly. The book is all compact of fluent lyrism, dancing humor, and the dazzle of that spirit which the defeat of the flesh cannot quench. There is scarcely a page which does not somehow call for quotation. Naturally the finest poems in the collection nearly always bear the authorship of W. B. Yeats, but one encounters a number of beautiful and moving pieces by other poets, notably Padraic Colum, James Stephens, Katherine Tynan, William Allingham. An unforgettable couplet occurs in H. Stuart's lines to the fountain:

I am alone
By the slim, white, unwitherable plume
The water flaunts against a deathless sky.

Several harshly potent things are contributed by men of the younger generation, such as the Epitaph by L. A. G. Strong, and the verses which go by their first line, "When the ecstatic body grips," by E. R. Dodds. Finally, there is a handful of exquisite poems by A. E.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

The Rebel

Stella Defiant, by Clare Sheridan. New York: Greenberg. $2.

THIS is a brave book, not because its heroine dares to take one lover after another, but because its author dares to take such a life for granted; and because that particular aspect of it is vouchsafed only fifty percent importance, or at the most sixty-five. Whatever the attitude of Stella, Miss Sheridan in writing of her is as far from defiance as from apology. Without committing herself to any opinion, she follows the rebel through Ireland, France and Turkey. And a restless, insatiable rebel it is; a woman who cannot be content with the love of men or without it; whose hunger demands development of her own talent and a share in world events, as well as the caresses of her many swains.

Miss Sheridan herself seems more at home in the various causes espoused by Stella than in the realm of pure fiction. She is always glad to swing into a conversation about Home Rule or Bolshevism. As a novelist, she creates the movements of a character, rather than the character itself. Stella is a "colorful" design, not a woman. And her wanderings make a contemporary pattern rather than a life history. For all that, the story is interesting; frank journalism, unspoiled by pompousness. One is moved to question its final resort to the mother instinct, as an easy way out. But, unfortunately, life sanctions the dodge. BETSY GREENEBAUM.

Contributors

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LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS has for some years been a contributor of verse to poetry journals and other periodicals.

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HENRY B. FULLER, novelist, contributes frequent reviews to the New Republic.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is the author of a volume of poems, Banners, and with her husband, Avrahm Yarmolinsky, is the translator of Modern Russian Poetry, An Anthology. Her new book of poems, Honey Out of the Rock, will appear in the fall.

BETSY GREENEBAUM is a graduate of the University of Chicago. She is at present a writer with the Fairchild Publications, New York.

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"COALS OF FIRE"

From The Nashville Tennessean—

THE NEW REPUBLIC is ranked by L. A. G. Strong, the English poet and anthologist, as publishing consistently the best poetry to be found in American magazines. It has still other claims to literary distinction; besides the fact that Herbert Croly, its editor, Alvin Johnson, Bruce Bliven, C. E. Ayres, his associates, and the many eminent contributors are doing about the best writing in America on political, social and economic subjects, The New Republic has critical and literary articles of a very high order. Robert Littell, Robert Morss Lovett and Stark Young are excellent critics and fine writers. Furthermore, The New Republic of late has been carrying articles by men like Waldo Frank, Gilbert Seldes, Edmund Wilson and other younger critics that add very much to the value of the magazine. These people are real thinkers; they know what they are about; they belong neither to the Blah-Blah nor to the Soothing Syrup School of criticism.

FROM "darkest Tennessee" comes the above generous and discriminating tribute to The New Republic. We, together with many of our contemporaries, have had many unkind things to say during the past few weeks about the state of enlightenment in the State of Tennessee. While our strictures were, we think not unmerited, we feel that Tennessee has "heaped coals of fire" by this appreciative comment.

The New Republic is better today than ever in its history. Tennessee has had the discernment to recognize this *evolutionary* fact.

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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM - By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by any one of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century, it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you*.

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"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

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